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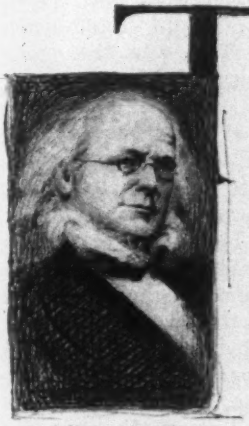
THE STRATEGY OF NATIONAL CAMPAIGNS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE POLITICAL WARFARE OF THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN IN THE THICK OF IT.

Illustrated with Portraits by Jay Hambidge.



Horace Greeley.

THE strategy of politics bears much resemblance to the science of directing military operations. In the Presidential campaign now in progress, for instance, the objective of the rival party generals is the attainment of a majority of the Electoral College, which may be taken to correspond with the subjugation of a hostile country. There are in the Electoral College 447 electoral votes scattered through forty-five States. Study closely the movements, and you will find in the march of events, all bearing on the capture of 224 partisan electors, a problem of absorbing interest, although, happily, not usually accompanied by bloodshed, carnage, and gunpowder.

Following the Civil War, the first great conflict in which strategy and political cunning played a dominating part was that of 1876, when Samuel J. Tilden ran against General Rutherford B. Hayes. Greeley's defeat had left the Democracy shattered. The great New York politician, in that campaign, put the Democratic party on its feet, and for the first time since 1856 did it go to the polls with anything like united ranks. Tilden, a consummate master of men, having fought Tammany to its knees, and having made a reputation as a smasher of rings while Governor of New York, began and carried out his campaign for the nomination with remarkable skill and was easily nominated. With him for Vice-President ran Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. Tilden was a hard-money man, and he was hated by the greenbacks of the West. Governor Hendricks, influenced possibly more by the environment than by logic, was rated a greenbacker.

The Republicans were unfortunate in having to carry all the scandals that had inevitably followed the War, and the carpet-bag period in the South. Rings of many kinds had sprung up in the Federal government. Jobbery was rampant in the District of Columbia, in the Internal Revenue Department, in the army, and in Congress. More than that, there was a fierce contest, followed by bitter feeling, between Conkling, the candidate of the Grant wing, and Blaine, his principal opponent in the Convention.

It became clear, soon after the lines of battle had been formed, that a very large number of voters wanted a change, and that the contest would be a stubborn one. Senator Barnum, of Connecticut, was in charge of the Democratic campaign. Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was at the head of the Republican canvass.

Ohio and Indiana, at that time, in the Presidential years elected their State tickets in October, and were known as the October States. The election in October in these States, however, was a drawn battle, only Ohio going Republican, and the fight went on with renewed vigor in Indiana, New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey.

Election night came, and the country awaited the result in palpitating excitement. The returns from New York, New Jersey,

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Connecticut, and Indiana were early. Tilden had carried them all. He was elected if the South was "solid." General Hayes conceded the election of Governor Tilden. Zachariah Chandler, the Republican chairman, closed the headquarters and went to bed confessing defeat. Yet the election was not decided, and a dramatic incident occurred the next morning about two o'clock that resulted in the eventual seating of Hayes.

The late John C. Reid, managing editor of the New York "Times," which was the most virile journalistic opponent of Governor Tilden, sent his first edition to press practically conceding the election of Tilden. A moment later a messenger arrived with a note from Senator Barnum asking what the "Times" claimed in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Mr. Reid made a mental calculation, and found these three States would elect Hayes. He immediately stopped his presses, destroyed the edition, and got out a new one claiming the election of Hayes by 185 votes, just enough. He knew, of course, that if Barnum was sure of the result the note would not have been sent him. The "Herald" that same morning gave Tilden 184 votes, Hayes 166, and put the 19 in doubt.

Mr. Reid, leaving his office, hurried to Republican headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. No one was on guard but a telegraph operator. Soon Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Secretary of the National Committee, came in, having just arrived from his own State. Mr. Reid quickly explained the situation to him, and told him that these nineteen votes should be counted for Hayes if there had been an honest election. These two gentlemen then hastened to Chairman Zachariah Chandler's room, routed him out of bed, and told him the situation as he sat blinking in his night-cap. The chairman told the two men to do what seemed best, and went to sleep again. A resolution was quickly formed. With Mr. Reid's assistance the wires were burdened with telegrams to Washington and to the political leaders in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, telling them that Hayes had the election, that it all depended on these three States, and that their electoral votes must at all hazards be held for the Republican candidates. The National Committee's telegrams that night cost Mr. Reid's newspaper hundreds of dollars. But for Senator Barnum's note, it is probable Mr. Tilden's election would never have been seriously contested.

Scores of prominent politicians from the North began hurrying to these States on Wednesday, and they later became popularly termed "visiting statesmen." The Republicans had the Federal troops to back them. The nineteen disputed electoral votes were hung up beyond the reach of Tilden. The Electoral Commission followed, and Hayes was seated by a vote of eight Republicans to seven Democrats. This was the great strategy of the campaign of 1876, and was known as William E. Chandler's "great coup." The history of that contest has filled many volumes, and is the most remarkable in our history, as it brought the nation to the verge of a civil war once more.

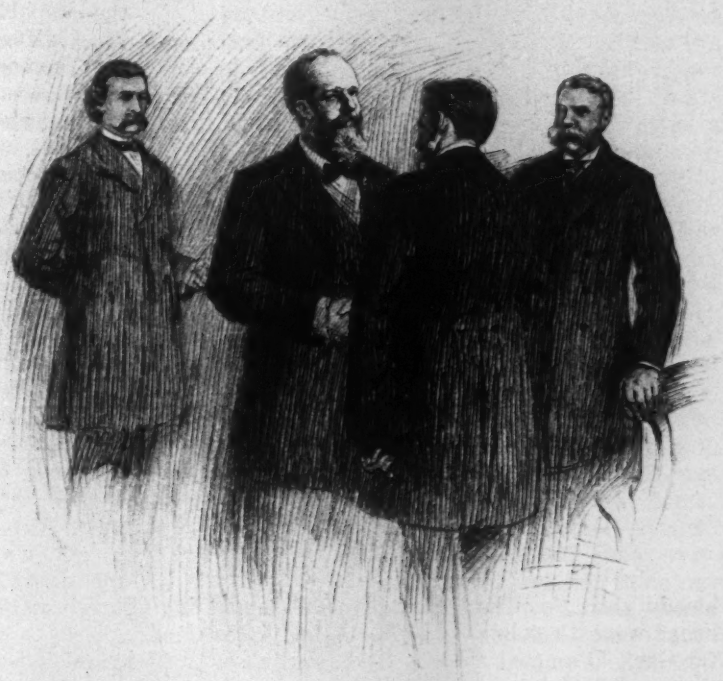
Samuel J. Tilden.

The campaign of 1880 marked the passage from the political field of the two great popular leaders, Tilden and Grant. Governor Tilden, who all Democrats and many others to the day of their deaths will believe was elected President in 1876, withdrew as a candidate for President before the Democratic National Convention was held, and paved the way for Democratic harmony in the State of New York and for the nomination of General Winfield Scott Hancock, a gallant Union general and a native of Pennsylvania. Again the Democrats took their candidate for Vice-President from Indiana, in the person of William E. English. They entered the campaign with practically a united front and reasonable chances for success.

Not so with the Republicans. Grant, backed by an element in the Republican

party of great strength, had been a candidate before the Convention for a third term. There was a deep-rooted antipathy to any man having a third term as President, and the cry of "Cæsarism" was raised. Grant's principal opponent was James G. Blaine. Once more the strife between the Blaine and the Grant wings prevented the success of either faction. Conkling was the leader of the Grant interests. What happened in that memorable fight at Chicago is still well remembered.

In a bitter mood Conkling returned to New York. He was wedded to Grant's cause, and he took his defeat far more than if he himself had been defeated. General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was nominated by the Convention, and Chester A. Arthur, of New York, one of Conkling's chief lieutenants, was nominated for Vice-President. He was nominated without the consent of Conkling. Conkling simply would have nothing to do with anything in the Convention after Grant's defeat.



James A. Garfield met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Conkling's friends—"like the play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out."

Then came a period during which it seemed that New York, the pivotal State, was surely lost to Garfield. Senator Conkling, holding the Republican organization in the hollow of his hand, would allow nothing to be done. The campaign lagged. Apparently there was no chance of getting the New York Republicans into line, yet to get Conkling on the stump was vital to the success of the ticket. In this dire emergency, General Garfield decided to come to New York and bow the knee to Conkling. He was ready to promise almost anything in reason. To cover the real purpose of his visit, a conference of the National Committee and the chairmen of the various Republican State Committees throughout the Union was arranged at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. General Garfield arrived to meet Senator Conkling on August 4th, but it was like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Garfield registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Conkling was living, yet Conkling did not call on him. Any communication General Garfield might have to make must be made second-hand. The conference of the National leaders was held. Conkling did not attend. Marshall Jewell, chairman of the National Committee, was discouraged. General Garfield swept West by another route, making speeches as he went, but speaking with a heavy heart.

Soon thereafter came a calamity to the Republicans. Maine, which had been famous in other elections as fixing the pace in Presidential campaigns, still elected her governor at a September election. The greenbackers and Democrats at that September election carried the State.

In the meantime the issues of the campaign and the strategy of both the parties became sharply defined. The Republicans met the boast of the Democrats that they had a solid South with speeches against the Southern Confederacy. This style of campaigning became known as "waving the

Grover Cleveland.

bloody shirt." The plans of the Republicans were to solidify the North and West for Garfield on that issue. The question of the tariff had become prominent; and General Hancock, in his letter of acceptance, had characterized the tariff as a "local issue." This is a proposition on which many of the most prominent advocates of a protective tariff now agree, but the Republicans seized upon it and made great capital out of it, and declared for the principle of protection pure and simple. From this statement Hancock never recovered. He was charged with being a free-trader; and although he denied this, he could never overcome the effect of his first utterance.

Garfield was subject to a bitter attack early in the campaign. The Credit Mobilier scandal was given prominence. At the time of Garfield's greatest distress Conkling was induced to break his silence. He and General Grant went to Ohio in company. General Grant presided at an enormous meeting, and Conkling made a speech. This gave new vigor to the campaign, and after a desperate struggle for the control of the October States, the Republicans carried both Ohio and Indiana.

In the closing days of the campaign the famous forged Morey letter appeared. In this letter, purporting to have been written by Garfield to H. L. Morey, the Presidential candidate seemingly acquiesced in the employment of Chinese labor to the exclusion of American labor. Unless its genuineness was disproved, its effects would be to lose the Republicans the electoral votes of California and Oregon. Garfield convinced the public that the letter was a forgery. The result of the election was a triumph for Garfield and Arthur, the Republicans getting 214 electoral votes to 155 for Hancock and English. The loss of New York by the Republicans would have elected the Democratic ticket.

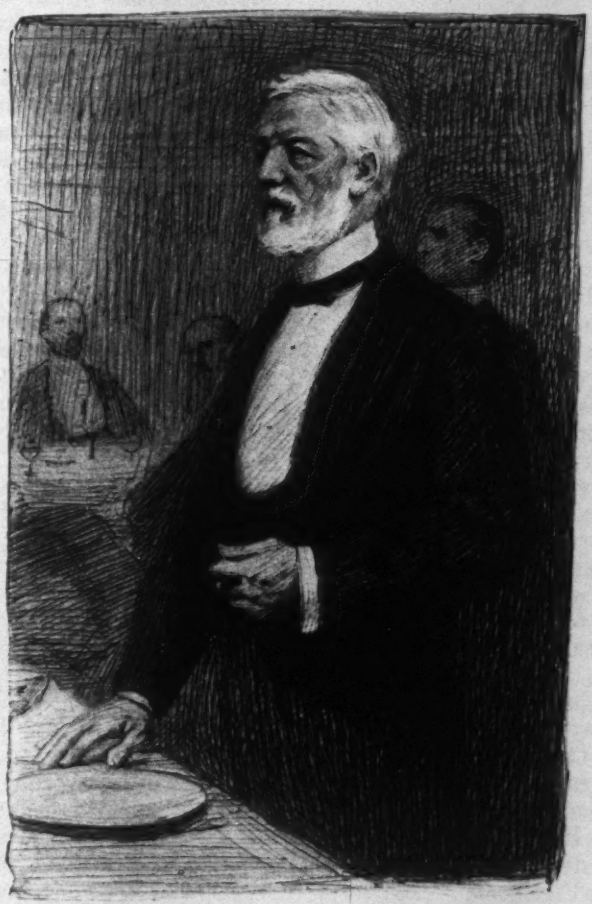
Political conditions by 1884 had undergone a tremendous change. This was due to the great strife between the Federal administration and Conkling, the tragedy which sent Garfield to the tomb, the independence of Arthur on his accession to the Presidency, and the loss of New York to the Republicans in the Folger campaign, which brought to the front that new and dominating figure in national politics, Grover Cleveland.

The party in power was also suffering from serious scandals. The greatest of these was the Star Route plundering in the Post-Office Department. In a Congressional investigation, it was disclosed that mail contractors had drawn unearned millions through favoritism. During this investigation a side light was thrown on the campaign of 1880 by the publication of a letter written by General Garfield, while he was a candidate, to J. A. Hubbell, of Michigan, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, suggesting in terms too plain to be misunderstood that Second Assistant Postmaster-General Brady should require the Star Route contractors to contribute to the expenses of the campaign. This letter was addressed to "My Dear Hubbell," and "My Dear Hubbell" was a favorite phrase in politics for years.

Thus moorings had been loosened, and to many it seemed that political organizations were going adrift. The country had not seen before, and has not witnessed since, such a sensational struggle as that which took place between Cleveland and Blaine. Blaine, with both Conkling and Grant out of politics, at last was enabled to take the first step in the ambition of his life at the Chicago Convention. He was nominated for President, with General John A. Logan as the candidate for Vice-President. Governor

Cleveland was nominated by the Democrats after a hard fight. He had the prestige of the tremendous majority by which he had been elected Governor, and of the record he had made at Albany.

Almost instantly the issue became Blaine. This remarkable man had been in public life for many years. He had made many enemies. He had done many things which laid him open to attack. He was one of the most daring men under political fire that ever lived.



James G. Blaine at "Belshazzar's Feast."

Now with Blaine the candidate, the batteries of the Democrats opened on him. He was charged with improper conduct in trying to sell a patent gun to the Maine militia, with bartering his influence to the Hocking Valley coal interests, with similar misconduct with the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad. His letter bearing on this, with the concluding paragraph, "Burn this letter," was made public. So was another letter saying, "I shall not be a deadhead in the enterprise." Still another, about "casting an anchor to windward." One of the men to whom Mr. Blaine has written letters was named Mulligan. The Democrats instantly organized the "Mulligan Guards." Mr. Blaine took the stump and made a tour of the country, meeting the charges with that spirit and dash which had always characterized him. Indiana had ceased to be an October State, but an October election was still held in Ohio. Mr. Blaine made a tour of Ohio from end to end and side to side, speaking now from rear platforms, and now from a stage built up of pig-iron. Ohio went Republican by 10,000. It was a small majority, but it was enough, and up to this time Blaine had the best of it. The campaign became more bitter and personal as it progressed. The private life of Grover Cleveland was assailed. So was the private life of James G. Blaine. At the first whisper of scandal against Cleveland, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher wrote Governor Cleveland a letter, and he replied at length, entering a complete denial. This led the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to take the stump for Cleveland, and he characterized Mr. Blaine as "the prince of liars." But there was more to come. Another attack, this time very specific in its nature, was made on Grover Cleveland's private character. It was something requiring prompt attention. It was damaging, and to the minds of many almost fatal to the Democratic candidate. A conference was hastily called. Senator William H. Barnum was still chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Senator Arthur P. Gorman was chairman of the Executive, or Campaign, Committee. Senator Gorman was one of those who went to meet the Governor. Mr. Cleveland had written a long letter in which he defended himself from the charges made against him. Gorman read the letter.

"This," said he, "will never do."

Then and there he tore up the letter the Presidential candidate had written and tossed the fragments into the grate. Instead of the long letter thus destroyed, there were given to the press the next day a few lines

addressed to an inquirer, in which occurred these memorable words, "Tell the truth." Their directness caught the public. The attack really acted as a boomerang, and "Tell the truth" became a slogan in the campaign.

Now great difficulties began to confront the Republicans. Blaine had been regarded by the Republican managers as assuredly elected the first week in October. But one thing necessary was that the campaign should be kept going at full steam. This could not be done without money, and the treasury of the National Committee became exhausted. Mr. B. F. Jones, a wealthy manufacturer of Pittsburg, was chairman of the National Committee, and he had been influential in raising money. But the attacks on Mr. Blaine, and the popularity of Governor Cleveland based on his courage as a reformer, had driven many wealthy Republicans, who had been depended on for contributions, into the ranks of the independents, known as "mugwumps," a term first applied to them in this campaign.

Arthur Pue Gorman.

So it was that Chairman Jones, one day in October, called his Campaign Committee together. His face wore a very serious expression. He had already given $83,000 from his private purse. He could give no more.

Then a step was decided upon which cost James G. Blaine the Presidency. Mr. Blaine had finished his campaigning in the West. He had been advised by many of his friends to go home to Maine and remain there until after the election. These persons believed that if he came to New York something would be likely to happen which would cause disaster. But money was needed, and Mr. Blaine came to New York to help raise it. A dinner was arranged for him at Delmonico's. It was a money-raising dinner, pure and simple. There he met the most prominent business men and financiers in New York City. Jay Gould was there. So were Cyrus W. Field, Russell Sage, and John Jacob Astor. Included in the list were bankers and brokers, officials of the Vanderbilt and Gould railroads, Standard Oil magnates, and, indeed, representatives of almost the entire wealth of New York City centered in Wall Street. Reporters were not permitted to attend. At that time Jay Gould was an issue in politics, and so were the trunk lines. General Benjamin F. Butler was running for President on an anti-monopoly platform. He was supported by the New York "Sun," Cleveland's most bitter opponent, and was expected to draw votes from the Democrats. Think, then, of Blaine going to a monopoly banquet in the closing days of an anti-monopoly campaign! The dinner was a tactical blunder, and it was only necessary for Mr. Blaine and Mr. Jones to read the papers the next morning to realize the full folly of the dinner. It was there labeled "Belshazzar's Feast." From one end of the country to the other went the statement that Blaine was Gould's man, and that Gould had given a banquet with the purpose to raise money with which to purchase Blaine's election. This was a great calamity, but regarded not in itself as necessarily fatal. Another calamity came to Mr. Blaine on the same day, October 29, 1884. In order to offset the defection of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, an ecclesiastical reception had been arranged for Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Many ministers of the gospel were present. The Rev. Dr. Burchard was the spokesman. Mr. Blaine received them on the second floor, and Dr. Burchard addressed him, standing on the third step of the great staircase. Near the conclusion of his address Dr. Burchard said:

"You represent all the virtues. Mr. Cleveland represents rum, Romanism, and rebellion."

All who were watching Mr. Blaine at the time agree that he started violently as this utterance was made. He realized as quickly as the representatives of the Democratic National Committee in the crowd the awful import of the words. But he was powerless to rebuke the statement, not wishing to

offend the Protestant clergy who had called to do him honor. He endeavored to explain it next day; but it was too late. The enemy was not idle, and "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" went through the country hand in hand with the news of "Belshazzar's Feast."

To all it was apparent that New York was the pivotal State again. Whichever party carried it, carried the election. When the full returns came in, it was found that Mr. Cleveland had the electoral vote of New York by 1,047 plurality. The Republicans disputed the count. They claimed, and still claim, that the votes cast for Benjamin F. Butler in Richmond County, and in some districts of New York and Kings County, to the number of more than 2,700, were counted for Grover Cleveland. General Butler makes this distinct charge in his published memoirs.

William C. Whitney.

For a time serious trouble seemed to be impending. In this crisis, William C. Whitney called a conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There were present Chairman Barnum, Senator Gorman, Thomas E. Benedict, the late Hubert O. Thompson, Robert A. Maxwell, and others. The Democrats deemed it necessary to have a fund to protect the count. Mr. Whitney undertook to raise the money, and he did raise $50,000. The next day it was announced that the Democratic lawyers would be reënforced by Roscoe Conkling, who would give them his opinion on all points of law. In addition to this, the returns showed that Oneida County, Conkling's former home, had given Cleveland 1,000 Republican votes. The narrow Democratic margin in New York stood, and Grover Cleveland became President of the United States. Mr. Blaine afterward said that he drew back from the contest because he believed that civil war would have resulted.

Beecher stumping for Cleveland.

There were signs early in 1888 that the country was preparing for another upheaval. Cleveland, of course, was the standard-bearer of his party again, but his administration was attacked chiefly because of the tariff-reform message and the consequent unsettlement of business conditions. Senator Gorman and Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio were the Democratic campaign managers.

The nomination of General Harrison, of Indiana, by the Republicans, was well received, and the placing of Levi P. Morton on the ticket as the candidate for Vice-President placated New York; and at this time there was no difficulty in getting

the leaders of the Empire State into line. Senator M. S. Quay and James S. Clarkson of Iowa had charge of the Republican canvass.

New York again was the State on which the election turned. As in 1884, the candidate who carried the Empire State was to win. The principal issue was the tariff, but for the first time trusts came prominently forward. The use of money in elections also became a conspicuous feature. Four prominent merchants and manufacturers in Pennsylvania raised a fund said to be about $400,000 for the Harrison campaign.

Senator Quay, in speaking of expected campaign contributions, was reported to have said that the managers would proceed to "fry the fat" out of the protected manufacturers. "Frying the fat" is still an expression used whenever the Republican managers begin the collection of campaign funds.

Matthew Stanley Quay.

Late in the canvass there was a startling development regarding the use of money, when the Democrats procured and published a letter purporting to be signed by W. W. Dudley, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, respecting the vote-getting in Indiana on election day. Two of the rules laid down in this letter will bear reproduction:

1. To find out who had Democratic boodle, and steer the Democratic workers to them and make them pay big prices for their own men. . . .

4. Divide the floaters into blocks of five, and put a trusted man with the necessary funds in charge of this five and make him responsible that none get away and all vote our ticket.

Mr. Dudley denounced the letter as a forgery, but it is a fact that a very large sum of money, in bills of a small denomination, was sent to Indiana in charge of two trusted Republican workers. The writer has talked with one of the men who took the money. It was to be turned over to the Indiana Republicans at Cincinnati. It was taken in a trunk. By the time the two men and the trunk arrived in Cincinnati, the Dudley letter had been published. One of the men took fright, and disappeared. The Indiana men, not knowing what information the Democrats had, were afraid to come to the hotel selected as a rendezvous. There the remaining guard of the money, heavily armed, stood by his post, night and day for two whole days, and finally turned it over to the Hoosier delegation. Indiana in that year went Republican by a small majority.

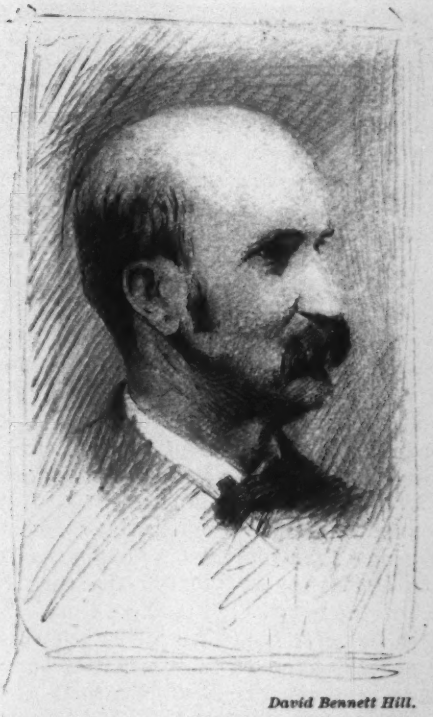
Senator Quay was familiar with the whole story of the loss of New York State to Blaine in 1884. He proceeded to guard against the mistakes that the Republicans had made, and devised a most comprehensive plan for carrying the Empire State for Harrison. It is necessary to explain that each of the great political parties had accused the other of colonizing voters in New York City; that is, registering a large number of names and hiring illegal voters from other States to vote on these names. Tammany, being in control of the police force, would naturally be able to do more of this work, but the Republicans had the benefit of a United States Supervisor of Elections in John I. Davenport, who had an enormous number of deputies.

Early in the campaign Quay met a man by appointment in a town in New Jersey. He explained to him in great detail what he wanted done, and arranged for the payment to him at stated intervals of large sums of money. "Now," said the Republican manager at the conclusion of the interview, "you have your orders; go ahead. But until this work is done do not come near me, and do not in any way give any one an intimation that we may ever have met."

Very soon after this meeting a new firm of directory publishers began work in New York City. An entire building was rented on Broadway, and an enormous sign bearing the words "New York City Directory" was thrown across its front. An army of canvassers were put to work, and soon the

names of all the inhabitants of the city were collected. But the new directory did not appear.

It was late in the campaign and the directory sign was down. The newspaper organs of both parties were crying "Wholesale Colonization" and "Fraud Afoot." There were many evidences that both organizations had imported large numbers of voters. At this juncture Quay sent for a prominent Democrat closely identified with the Cleveland campaign in New York. He took him into a room that contained piles of books as large as ledgers, reaching half-way to the ceiling.



David Bennett Hill.

"There!" he exclaimed with a wave of his hand. "Look at those books. We've got you."

He took down one of the books and opened it. It contained the names and addresses of all the male voters in a certain ward, carefully arranged, first alphabetically, and then house by house and block by block.

"These books," he added, "contain the names of the men who have a right to vote. If others vote, the jails will not be big enough to hold them."

There was little illegal voting, at least by Democrats, in New York City in that election.

David B. Hill ran for Governor that year, and he had the support of Tammany, while Tammany was angry at Cleveland. Election day brought about an unprecedented result in New York. Hill was re-elected Governor by 19,000, but Harrison carried the State by 14,000. Cleveland's friends charged that Hill and Tammany sold out the electoral ticket, but President Cleveland declared solemnly the next day that he believed Hill had been loyal.

Richard Croker.

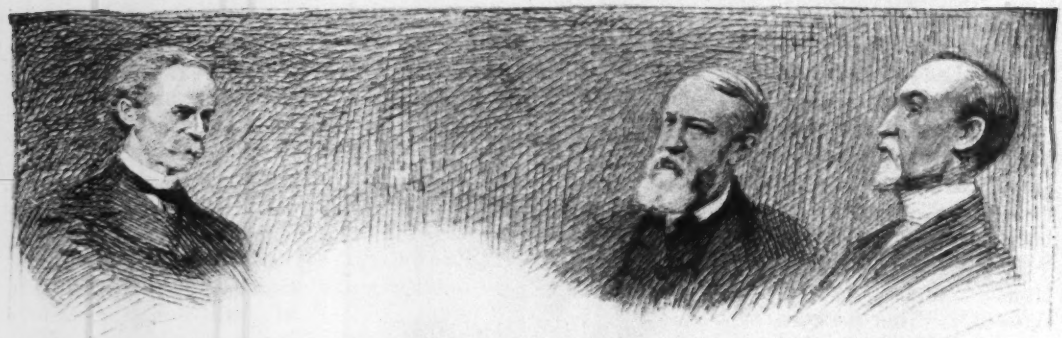
At midnight of election day Quay issued one of his characteristic pronunciamientos: "We have carried the election and will hold it with the mailed hand."

New York, as everybody expected, settled the day. It was the key to the position. The result was largely due to Quay's novel methods.

The admission of the territories of Idaho, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota, and South Dakota as States during Harrison's administration and the increase in the Congressional representation in other States had, by 1892, enlarged the strategic field, so that the Electoral College consisted of 444 votes. Both parties began the campaign with many of the leaders utterly disgusted with their candidates. Harrison was renominated despite the protest of nearly all the bosses in the important States, including Quay of Pennsylvania, Platt of New York, Manley of Maine, and Clarkson of Iowa. Blaine resigned as Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet on the eve of the Convention and became a candidate against him.

Cleveland, too, was nominated for a third time after an exceedingly bitter struggle. It was probably the fiercest ever waged in a Democratic convention.

Both candidates, as



Whitelaw Reid, Benjamin Harrison, and Thomas C. Platt in conference at Ophir Farm.

soon as they were nominated, applied themselves to the task of getting the New York politicians to support their election. Cleveland had the least trouble. William C. Whitney brought about amicable relations.

General Harrison had to placate not only the New York machine, but almost the entire Republican organization of the country. He had fought Quay and Don Cameron over patronage, and had almost mortally offended Senator Platt by refusing to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury and by ignoring his recommendations as to various appointments. At the very outset Harrison, instead of thanking Quay for his efforts in 1888, had spoken coldly about Quay, and gave his thanks to divine Providence "for pulling him through." Quay retaliated by assisting Don Cameron in the Senate in his fight against the Force Bill. With the Democratic senators from the South he played the Force Bill against the Tariff Bill. "Which do you want," said Quay, "a Force Bill or a Tariff Bill?" The Tariff Bill prevailed, and the Force Bill was lost, and came up to plague Harrison in this campaign.

Harrison had difficulty in getting any one to serve as chairman of the National Committee. The position was offered to probably a dozen men, who declined to serve. Finally, in sheer desperation, the Committee elected Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who was then Commissioner of the Land Office, and is now United States Senator, and at last it got to work in a half-hearted, hap-hazard sort of way.

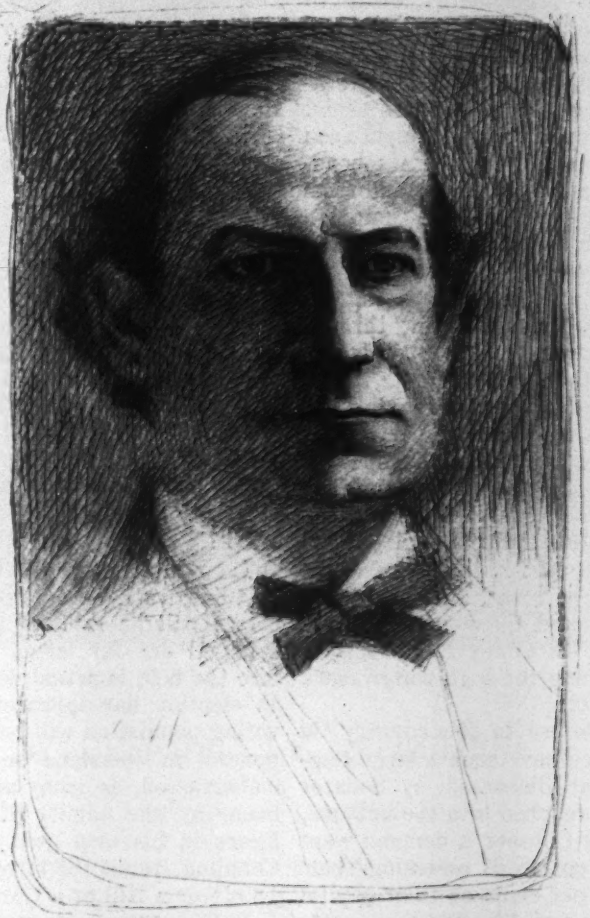
The Homestead strike and riots, and those at Buffalo, all aided the Democrats. Mr. Cleveland's managers set up the cry of "plutocracy," by which they meant a new class supported by millions gained through the new tariff. Speedily the situation brightened for Cleveland, and the Republicans floundered.

Senator Platt, the acknowledged leader in New York, remained inactive. The President was at Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks. Mutual friends of President Harrison and Senator Platt went to see the Republican candidate. Then followed General Harrison's famous visit to Ophir Farm, near White Plains, the country seat of Whitelaw Reid, President Harrison's associate on the ticket. There President Harrison was visited by Senator Platt, accompanied by William Brookfield, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and General Samuel Thomas. When these three gentlemen arrived, they were shown into the parlor, where General Harrison and Mr. Reid were awaiting them. After shaking hands, Mr. Brookfield and General Thomas withdrew, leaving Senator Platt with the two candidates sitting there in the dim twilight. What was said and done only these three gentlemen knew, but Senator Platt went to work for the ticket and supported it loyally.

With great vigor the Democrats pressed their advantage. They made a fight in every State in the Union. William F. Harrity, a rising young Democrat of Pennsylvania, who had been postmaster of Philadelphia under Cleveland, was chairman of the National Committee. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, who had been Cleveland's Postmaster-General, was chairman of the Executive Committee, and was destined to play a distinguished part in the election.

In the campaign of 1888 Senator Brice, of Ohio, had spent much time in the West endeavoring to carry Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan for Cleveland. His roseate reports about the Democratic party's prosperity in these States caused him to be styled a "Rainbow Chaser." Don M. Dickinson, in 1892, went West on the same mission. He was accused of chasing rainbows, but as a result of his efforts about the entire Middle West went to the Cleveland column.

In their eagerness to win in this campaign, the Democrats took a step that was the forerunner of the coalition between the Democrats and Populists in 1896. The People's party had already begun to make its influence felt in the West. General Weaver was the Populist candidate for President. The Democrats went deliberately to work to form a coalition or fusion with them, to keep votes away from Harrison. In a number of States they succeeded. Cleveland was elected by a landslide, having 277 electoral votes, but the free-silver element of the party came into control before the expiration of his term and dominates it still.



William Jennings Bryan.

Indeed, in that election the surprising run of General Weaver, the Populist candidate, made the general coalition between the Democrats and Populists which came in 1896 inevitable. Weaver received twenty-two votes in the Electoral College, having carried Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Nevada, and captured one vote in each of the States of North Dakota and Oregon.

In the campaign of 1892 both the great parties spent large sums of money, but the Democrats had absolutely more money than they could use, while the Republicans at the most critical stage of the campaign became practically bankrupt. The day after the election Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, after paying off all the debts, discovered that his private bank account was $75,000 smaller. He did not get this money back until 1896. Immediately after the election he went to the rooms of the American Protective Tariff League, of which he was president, intending to close up the establishment. He discovered that the League had $5,000 in the bank and no debts. He was astonished.

"This," said he, "is the only solvent thing in the Republican party in the United States."

The great campaign over the financial

question in 1896 is too recent to require any elaborate explanation. The strategy was clear to any one who watched the progress of events. All politicians agree that when Bryan was nominated he was apparently certain of a majority of the electoral votes of the country. The free-silver propaganda had been carried on throughout the West, and States like Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and even Minnesota were regarded as certain to go for Bryan, unless a remarkable change took place in the sentiments of the farmers. This then had to be combated with literature, speakers, money, and a business panic. Senator Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, moved the main headquarters of the party to Chicago, and from that point directed the fight. A campaign of education was begun, and a vast amount of money was expended in combating the arguments in favor of the free coinage of silver. Hundreds of men carrying this literature journeyed through these States in wagons. They distributed their tracts, talked with the farmers, and reported regularly at given points. In time a change was apparent. Bryan to offset this made the most extensive speaking tour known in American politics, but all in vain. When the election came, practically the entire Middle West, including Kentucky, cast its electoral votes for McKinley. These votes, added to those of the solid East, and those of California and Oregon, gave McKinley 271 electoral votes, almost reaching the high-water mark of Cleveland in 1892.

Probably never before in this country did a political committee have such a large campaign fund as that disbursed by Senator Hanna in 1896. It reached into the millions, and even as late as October a demand went out to certain corporations assessing them one-fourth of one per cent. on their capital stock. The Committee, like the Democrats in 1892, could not spend all their money, and the Republican newspaper reporters on duty at the New York and Chicago headquarters were all given gold medals by Senator Hanna at the conclusion of the campaign.

But what of the strategy of this campaign? The lines of battle are somewhat different from those of 1896, although a declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is in the Democratic platform, and the same candidates for President are in the field. The Democrats have declared that anti-imperialism is the paramount issue. On that they are going to make their fight, although the Republicans are seeking to bring forward the financial issue as they did in 1896. Most of the Democratic managers unite in the opinion that there is a chance to win without New York. They expect to carry Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, Michigan, and Illinois, all of which went for McKinley in 1896.

The Republican managers contend that McKinley cannot be defeated unless he loses New York. The events of a single day might make New York a pivotal State, as it was in 1880, 1884, and 1888. Cleveland could have won without New York in 1892; McKinley could have been elected without New York in 1896. Possibly before the campaign closes the battle lines will fall, as so often before, in the great Middle West and in the Empire State.

It is a singular fact that since 1864 the electoral vote of New York has swung like a pendulum between the two great political parties. Nowhere else in the Union is there such a large army of independent voters. Lincoln carried the State the second time in his second campaign of 1864; Seymour carried it in 1868; Grant in 1872; Tilden in 1876; Garfield in 1880; Cleveland in 1884; Harrison in 1888; Cleveland in 1892, and McKinley in 1896. Will it be the pivot in 1900?

Thus the lines of battle are drawn, and in this month of October strategic movements will be rapid. The political armies engaged are far larger than any ever put into the field in actual war. In some States as election day approaches the entire male voting population will be participating. The general in command on either side will be embarrassed, as many military leaders have been, by the enmity of some commanding figure in his own party—there may be a Conkling, as in 1884; or a Gresham, as in 1892; or a Hill or a Gorman, as in 1896.

Both parties will strive for the possession of the commanding points, for the control of doubtful or pivotal States. Tactical skill will be brought into play everywhere. The cutting off of supplies from the enemy; the diverting of issues so as to change the theater of war; the weakening of rival lines through local alliances; the entrapping of candidates into ambuscades through artifice and subterfuge; the confusing of the enemy through unexpected moves, the forced marches of politics—all these things, so familiar in war, have their parallels in American presidential campaigns.

And the first week in November will see the end of it all.

"*Alone with her in the gathering dusk of sky and sea.*"

MADEMOISELLE PARCHESI.

By Gelett Burgess.

AN "EVENT" WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE MORE THAN AN "EPISODE."

JUSTIN STURGIS had missed the "Veendam" by an hour. The next vessel of the line would not touch at Boulogne-sur-Mer until Saturday. He had still three days to wait, and he was already bored with the town. The Casino was closed, so, after whiling away the most of the morning at the fish market, he had struck out for the beach and walked along the sands below the Boulevard. A half-mile beyond the deserted bathing-machines he sat down on the shingle, and abstractedly watched the gulls circling about a huge rock which rose from the water between the limits of ebb and flood tide.

It was in April, too early in the season for tourists or "trippers" from England, and the whole reach of shore was deserted, save for an occasional fish-wife shrimping, knee-deep in the water, framed in a glittering perspective of sea, sand, and sunshine.

His wandering eye was arrested, after a time, by a patch of red that appeared and disappeared in the breakers which lazily washed the beach. After a closer examination, Justin rose and waded into the water to retrieve this bit of flotsam. It was a red silk parasol, caught by the rising tide, filled with sand and laced with the foam of the billows.

He opened it, set it upright in the sun to dry, burying its ivory handle in the pebbles, and then walked curiously down the beach,

inspecting the sands. A little beyond where he had been sitting, he encountered a double line of footprints leading to and from a confused impression in the beach. There was a small hole scooped out by hand, half-filled with water, and from this abandoned resting-place the footprints led down to the foamy seaweed, as if the owner had escaped by way of the open sea. As the tide was rising, Justin surmised that the owner of the parasol had been there some time before, and would probably return to seek her lost property; and he saw in this chance, hope of an adventure. It was, however, by this time nearly noon, and the thought of luncheon constrained him to hide his discovery and return as soon as possible. He concealed the sunshade, therefore, beneath a ledge, and made his way back to his hotel.

He found the *salle à manger* occupied by a party of two, who were taking their *déjeuner* at a table not far from his, by an open window. The elder woman was dressed in black, and her manner and conversation betrayed the patient chaperon of a whimsical ward. Justin's eyes slipped over her face and figure lazily, and passed on to the young girl opposite her. Only her back was visible, unfortunately, but from its lines, the curve of her cheek, and a coil of well-dressed hair he formed an interested estimate of her charms, which was soon justified by the reflection of her face in a conveniently placed mirror. It was not long before the young lady, who had not been altogether oblivious of his entry, discovered this go-between also, and she sent a swift glance occasionally into the glass, not one of which shots missed its mark. Her face and expression gave her a mischievous original sort of beauty, so much her own as to preclude any hints as to her nationality. The two women were speaking French, engaged in an animated conversation, plainly audible from where the young man sat.

Never did Justin Sturgis more painfully regret his ignorance of the French language, for he could not read even a *menu*. A few words, indeed, he knew, and *ombrelle* sounds remarkably like an English word of similar significance. It was not long, then, before he made sure that his find on the shore might be put to good advantage, and he swore to himself that it would be redeemed only at the price of the girl's acquaintance.

As soon as he had made sure that she had left the hotel, Justin set out himself, and, making a detour at a rapid pace, reached the shore and recovered the parasol. Then, opening it, he stretched himself at full length under its shade and pretended to fall asleep. In a few moments he heard the crunching of pebbles, and, turning cautiously, he saw the young lady from the hotel picking her way among the boulders. By the time he had composed his features she had come up to him.

"*Pardon, monsieur,*" she said, in excellent French, "but I perceive that you have my parasol."

The words, of course, were incomprehensible to Justin. He was, moreover, supposed to be asleep. He tightened his grip on the ivory ring in the handle and tried to keep from smiling, but an imp of mischief was torturing him internally.

"*Monsieur!*" the girl exclaimed impatiently—and that was as much as Justin understood, though there followed a number of sentences, volubly spoken and emphasized with a stamp of the little foot whose shoeprints he had admired that forenoon.

Justin rose now, made her an elaborate bow, and handed her the sunshade. These signs, however, seemed to him so inadequate that he spoke in English, on the chance of her understanding him. "I beg your pardon, *mademoiselle*, for a rather poor joke, but, as I have only just found your property, I was waiting to see if you would have the courage to claim it. Do you speak English?"

The girl's eyebrows had risen for a second, and she bit her lip. Her brown eyes gave him a swift look-over, from his shoes, which were pointed, to his hair, which was parted in the middle. "*Non,*" she said, swallowing a smile; "*monsieur ne parle pas Français?*"

"No," Justin answered in his turn; and at this illumination of the situation, they both broke into laughter, than which, perhaps, there could be no better introduction.

Now, some premonition had warned Justin, as he descended the hill, to stop at the *pâtisserie* and buy an assortment of cakes, which he had brought with him down to the shore. So, at a loss for words, in the hopes of detaining her as long as possible, he offered her the package, seated himself on the sand, and beckoned her an invitation. The girl accepted frankly, and, spreading a tiny handkerchief, she arranged the *gâteaux* upon it, for the repast.

There were coffee *éclairs*, suffering a little from the torment of the rapid trip, and *puits d'amour*, whose shaking custard hearts were torn by the same commotion; two *tartelettes*,

one of whose boatload of strawberry passengers had capsized; and a couple of *babas*, sweet little sponges, saturated with rum-and-water—the favorite confection of the American girl in Paris. She relieved the agony of the *éclairs*, staunching their creamy wounds with a slim forefinger; she patted and petted the other cakes into shape; and waved her hand merrily over the spread, with a gesture of approval. She then signed to Justin that all was ready and helped herself to a *baba*, which disappeared between her lips in a mumble of delight. It was enough for Justin to sit and watch her legerdemain, but she forced a cake upon him, that he might share her delight.

When they had finished eating, the young man set himself to the rather difficult task of amusing her, with an impromptu conversation without speech. He pointed to the sea and sky with gesticulations of admiration, and the girl evidently approved of the landscape, sea-scape, and weather. She helped on the dialogue in high spirits by

"By the time he had composed his features she had come up to him."

pointing to the gulls, expressing a wish to fly by waving her arms vertically, and her ability to swim by horizontal motions. She called his attention to the fishing smacks, and, sailing in an imaginary boat, of which she seemed to hold sheet and tiller, she made a most successful voyage across the Channel. Justin himself preferred riding, and he mimicked a horse's gallop and trot till the girl wept with laughter, and so they responded in kind, one following the other. She proved herself a clever actress, willing to amuse as well as be amused by the drollery of their ridiculous pastime.

The acquaintance, now well under way by the adoption of this language of signs, progressed gayly. The young lady was evidently mistress of her own time, and the whim pleased her. It was not long before the two were playing together like two children, building forts in the sand, pelting each other with rags of seaweed, and making rainbow mosaics of colored pebbles. They walked a mile or so up the beach and back again frolicking ingenuously, full of the joy of the warm spring afternoon sunshine, and captivated with the innumerable absurdities of their original relation and intercourse.

One of their earliest attempts at diversion was in the contrivance of a make-shift game of parchesi, the diagram for which Justin drew in lines upon the sand. The girl recognized the circles, ladders, and "safety-points" immediately, and with her white pebbles for counters, proved herself well skilled in the rules of the game, and a difficult antagonist in the race around the square into the "home circle." Partly on account of her luck with his wooden dice, and partly for want of a better name, since she would not tell him hers, he began to call her "Mademoiselle Parchesi," and this pseudonym she kept as long as their acquaintance lasted.

Both, indeed, had so entered into the spirit of the game, and had devoted themselves with such energy to the contrivance of new methods of communication, that four hours passed rapidly, and six o'clock found them by the fish market, well fatigued with their romp. It was time to return for dinner, but Justin had no idea of letting the excitement die here. Much to

his chagrin, however, the young lady absolutely forbade his accompanying her to the hotel, and, with a decided gesture, intimated that he must not even recognize her there.

This was a difficult message to communicate, and she accomplished it only after an elaborate pantomime, requiring many simulated scenes. She acted out several possibilities, taking his part with clever parody—where she approved his behavior she applauded enthusiastically, clapping her hands high in the air; where she made him commit an indiscretion she stamped her foot pettishly, and hissed her condemnation of his *rôle*. In this manner she succeeded in laying out the course of action he was to follow, and he was given to understand that her *duenna* was all but an ogress, and that even his by-play in the mirror would bring about the most unpleasant consequences.

She agreed to come down to the beach every afternoon without fail, and in the mornings as well, whenever she was given the opportunity. Justin, however, must ask neither her name, residence, nor age, and he must never—*jamais*—try to find out. She liked him, yes, she liked him very much—especially his hair, which was dangerously curly—and if he were good, she would give him a photograph to put in his watch, though she insinuated with a fluttering finger that it would not stay there long. They were to be good friends for three days, if he obeyed her wishes; after that—an affected little shrug of her shoulders, a glance upward, and a handkerchief held to very dry brown eyes, intimated her despair. All this in the most fascinating play-acting, distracting in the extreme.

This was the beginning of a three-days' comradeship, half child's play and half flirtation, more piquantly amusing than anything Justin Sturgis had ever before attempted. Mademoiselle Parchesi was ready for any entertainment he might suggest, lithe-limbed and graceful, delighting in constant action, and swept at times by a gale of merriment for which he could discover no reason.

They got on, for the most part, by means of the language of signs that they had first adopted, and which they added to, more and more, every time they met, by the acceptance of significant conventions, instinctive as the motions of savages or deaf mutes. The few words common to both French and English, such as *hôtel, train, dîner, chocolat, poste, télégraphe, photographie, lettre, voyage*, and so forth, they found very convenient, and by these they avoided the necessity of many a long rehearsal in pantomime. As a last resort Justin would sometimes refer to his French-English, English-French dictionary, but this came to be understood as unfair and against the rules of the game they were playing; and the girl would vigorously protest against the consultation. Justin's note-book played a good part, too, in their interviews, and before he left her it was completely filled with their almost impossible sketches.

All this did well enough for the simpler conditions of their friendship, but Justin's increasing admiration for his playfellow engendered many ideas too abstract for this limited means of communication, even when he wished to confess his thoughts. He revolted occasionally against the obstacle of his ignorance, which shut him out of her thoughts, as by an insurmountable wall, and at these times he relieved his mind with a few sharp sentences in English, expressing himself with a force he might not have dared use had he thought he were understood. At other times, however, this very barrier gave him protection, and the belief in his comrade's ignorance of English emboldened him to speak naïvely with immense candor, breaking out into fearless phrases of whimsical expostulation, speculation, or open compliment.

"You're the most delicious sort of a gamin," he would say, "a new kind to me—I don't know just where to place you. . . . I wonder how many of the girls I know would stand the test of not being allowed to talk for three whole days! . . . If you *could* speak English, I wonder what you'd say! You'd probably bore me to death, or else insist on talking personalities. . . . What sort of funny things would come out of that funny face? . . . It's always a surprise to me when people appear to like me, but I'm pretty sure you really do, or you wouldn't take so much trouble to come down here with me. . . . Perhaps it's only the novelty of the thing, though. . . . I'm sure I wouldn't get tired of you, though, for a long time. . . . I suppose, now, you think you dress well, but you don't. You oughtn't to wear red. You ought to wear blue. . . . You've got such a funny mouth—but it's a good, generous one. . . . I wonder if you blackened your eyebrows this morning? . . ."

Mademoiselle Parchesi schooled herself assiduously; when he talked she paid close attention, and always laughed as if she was sure he was saying something amusing. In fact, it seemed to Justin that she laughed

more at his remarks, seriously as they were spoken, than at her own, which, by the token of her expression, must have been decidedly witty. She attempted a little English occasionally, mouthing the words very prettily, with a French accent, but sometimes she would also speak her mind, and deliver a few rapid incomprehensible sentences quite deliberately, looking at him through half-closed lids, and smiling as she turned away. Her eyes wrinkled pleasantly as she did this, and her mouth was apt to become unmanageable, while her eyebrows went up and down—what Mademoiselle Parchesi was thinking of, Justin would have given a good deal to know.

"It was enough for Justin to sit and watch her legerdemain."

The tender meeting the "Obdam" was to leave the jetty at eight o'clock Saturday evening; that afternoon, therefore, was the last time that the two could meet, and the three hours on the beach below the Boulevard were well filled with their sports and nonsense. It seemed rather cruel to Justin that such an experience as this new friendship should come to an end without some trace of regret on the part of his new-made friend, but nothing he could do succeeded in drawing from Mademoiselle Parchesi any expression of concern at the approaching separation, and she obviously parried his advances in this direction. This hurt him a good deal. It was inconsistent with the estimate he had formed of her character to be so unfeeling, for she had always been frank and sympathetic before, in all their meetings.

He threw off this feeling of disappointment as well as he could, nevertheless, and determined to make the best of this last opportunity of seeing her. He had had three days of unconventional, almost primitive, comradeship with her, happily without a hint of discord. He would not spoil that now by a disagreement. He was very glad to have been able to know her, even for this short interval. He had no hope of ever seeing her again, and so he gave himself up to the pleasure of this last time.

They walked up the beach more quietly than usual, and by five o'clock reached the place where they had first met. The shore was deserted, and they sat down together, with a little embarrassment, the tension of their approaching farewell asserting itself in spite of Mademoiselle Parchesi's nervous attempts at raillery. These she gave up after a while, and sat quietly gazing at the sea.

Justin looked at the girl narrowly and wondered what was behind her silence. It was some time before he could pull himself together enough to say good-bye, and then the old difficulty confronted him; the barrier of language, never so exasperating, never so insurmountable as now, alone with her in the gathering dusk of sky and sea—for the last time. Again the temptation to free his mind was too great to be resisted.

"I can't stand it! I won't stand it!" he said. "The idea of being here with a girl like you, whom I shall probably never see again in my life, and not able to talk to you! By Jove, I *will* talk to you, whether you understand or not! You're my kind; we are of the same caste. I know it by every gesture you make. There ought to be a universal language for people like us. I ought to be able to understand what you say, if you spoke Arabic, on a day like this! And I could make myself worth your while, I'm sure of that—I feel remarkably interesting, and I'm not afraid to tell the truth about either myself or you. But what's the use? You're a mummy—you're a ghost—you're deaf and dumb! *Grrrr!*" He growled the last ejaculation of dissatisfaction through clenched teeth.

Mademoiselle Parchesi certainly did not look like either a ghost, a mummy, or a deaf-mute, for she sat up straight, clapped her hands and cried, "*Encore! encore!*" laughing nervously.

It seemed foolish to Justin to go on so, talking to himself in this ridiculous way, but there was something in the girl's attention that encouraged him, he hardly knew why. More than this, a finer sense of the humorous possibilities of the case awakened in him. He went on with his monologue, speaking more to himself than to her.

"I'd like to know who you are! I don't mean your name and residence, but who you *really* are—who you are to me, and what it means, my meeting you like this!"

Mademoiselle Parchesi did not attempt to reply, but sat back, watching his profile outlined against the sky. She seemed more serious than she had ever seemed before, more serious even than the occasion demanded. She no longer said, "Vat ees eet?" in broken English. Her hands were tightly clasped together, and her teeth were set on her lower lip. Justin gazed at her as if she were a portrait.

"You've got such a funny face," he continued. "You're not a bit pretty, but you've got what not one woman in ten has, and that's a personality. No one would ever forget *you!* There's something in behind your face that turns the lights up and down, and sets off red and green fire, and stage-manages your whole expression. Let me see your hand!" and he reached for it assuredly.

She gave it him a little reluctantly, and he inspected it at his leisure. "H'm!" he murmured, in a manner that palmists use. "What a headline! You're in no danger from that two inches of heart. . . . You'll live to be eighty-six years old. . . . Yes, you'll be married. . . . How would you like to be married—to me?"

Mademoiselle Parchesi's hand curled almost imperceptibly, but Justin did not release it. He turned it over, felt of the phalanges, tested the density of the flesh and the smoothness of the skin. There were little pads on the end of her fingers, where the tactile nerves were concentrated. These he pinched softly.

"These fool palmistry books give you a sort of map with little mountains and gulfs and rivers and peninsulas to guide one in exploring the human hand, but they don't help one much about a person's climate and meteorology—storms and winds and tides and currents and all that. It's all that that I'd like to know. I wonder what sort of a friend you'd be. I wonder how you'd wear, and if I'd get tired of you, or you of me!"

There is no word for "wonder" in French; if there were, Mademoiselle Parchesi might have used it then, also, for she looked up suddenly as if to speak, and her eyes were full of a message she was trying to find the courage to say. But she looked down again passively and reclasped her hands, saying, "*Encore!*" under her breath.

"I suppose," said Justin through his teeth, "if I were a certain sort of man, I would try to kiss you now, and if you were a different sort of girl, you would let me, after more or less stage business. Here's a *mise-en-scène* appropriate enough for any sort of a flirtation. I wonder if I *am* that sort of man."

He rose and paced up and down the sand a few moments, thinking over the situation so intently that he was almost oblivious of the girl's presence. In her manner a few hints had begun to trouble him with a suggestion that, at first, he could not determine. He turned to her and saw that she was watching him intently. She had drawn on her cape as if preparing to leave. He went up to her quickly, with a flash of intuition, and standing still, said, deliberately, "I believe I *will* kiss you, and see what good that will do!"

He had made no suggestive motion, but as soon as the words had left his mouth Mademoiselle Parchesi started up and took a step away from him, and stood in an attitude of defense. Her face had gone scarlet, and her hands were raised to her breast.

With a rapid gesture he seized her by both arms and looked her straight in the eyes. "You speak English!" he cried, angrily. "You have understood every word I have said from the very beginning, and you've deliberately let me go on, talking like a fool. You've tricked me, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Then with a toss of his head he left her standing there, her hands covering her face, and walked away.

"With a rapid gesture he seized her by both arms."

What had he said to her? Nothing of consequence perhaps, nothing at least he was ashamed of, but the feeling that he had been played with and led on for so long a time aroused a lively resentment. How stupid he had been not to have suspected her! But it had not entered his mind to doubt the girl after her first words. Her face had told him nothing of her nationality; she was only herself, Mademoiselle Parchesi, his three-days' friend—it seemed like three months! The recollection of her original escapades softened him, and a saving sense of humor came to her rescue, overthrowing all his annoyance. Certainly she had been as clever as he had been dull, and in a few moments he had acknowledged it to himself.

There was a rustling of silk skirts behind him, and he had but time to resume his mask of resentment when a hand was laid on his arm.

"I'm very sorry!" Mademoiselle Parchesi was saying, very softly; "I am ashamed of myself, and I apologize."

She looked up at him shyly through a little dew of tears. "But it was so funny, it was so *terribly* funny! I tried to tell you so many, many times, really I did, but you were so awfully sure I was French; I couldn't

help going on with the joke! And when you began saying things you really meant, so frankly, I couldn't resist the temptation to let you go on, though I knew I was no better than an eavesdropper. I've been in Paris for three years at a French *pension*, and it's so long since I've had any one say real things to me. You were so perfectly dear and genuine and absurd, and I was afraid you'd stop it all if you thought I understood. I have never heard a man really talk to himself before, and it fascinated me. I understood what you meant, all the time, I'm sure I did, but now you'll think I'm a horrid little minx! But I don't care, it was terrible funny! Wasn't it?"

They laughed together as they had laughed when they first met. "I'll forgive you," Justin said, as they turned down the beach, "if you'll tell me whether I am to consider all this an episode or an event."

"You're going to leave to-night for New York in the 'Obdam,' aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, of course; and I thought it was cruel of you not to be sorry to say good-by."

"Well," said Mademoiselle Parchesi, punching little holes in the smooth, wet sand with the end of her red silk parasol, "as long as I'm going in the 'Obdam,' too, perhaps this affair is only an Episode. But, considering that I've met a man who has told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for three whole days, I think it ought to be regarded as an Event."

SIR HENRY MORGAN AND HIS BUCCANEERS.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," "Stephen Decatur," etc.

THIS is a tale of a few of the exploits of the greatest and worst of the buccaneers. Like "Taffy," Morgan was a Welshman. The parallelism may be carried further with accuracy, for he was also a thief, but there it stops. "Taffy" was an angel of light beside Morgan. Like the first conspicuous bearer of his name, Sir Henry was a heretic—from the Spanish standpoint. He was born the son of poor but honest parents, farmers in Wales, about 1637. At an early age he ran away to sea, bound himself out as an indentured servant, and sailed for the New World. He faithfully served his time, and then cast about to see what fields of action were open for a young gentleman of limited education, entire unscrupulousness, abundant courage, and overweening ambition, and decided to join the ancient and successful army of "tanners," otherwise buccaneers.

Bartholomew, Portuguese, L'Olonnois, and Mansvelt had already made a name for themselves when Morgan rose to unenviable eminence and surpassed them all. With a force of twelve small vessels he sacked the town of Puerto Principe, Cuba, from which his party gleaned considerable profit, just enough to whet their appetites for more! Not that their appetites needed much whetting, for of all the examples of insatiable rapacity, the "brethren of the coast" bear the palm.

After the raid on Puerto Principe, with nine small vessels and 450 men he assaulted and captured the important city of Puerto Bello in the spring of 1668, acquiring a booty amounting to over 250,000 pieces of eight (Spanish dollars), beside rare merchandise of prodigious value. Among the trophies of the expedition was a beautiful emerald ring sent to Morgan by De Guzman, the Governor of Panama, by way of expediting the buccaneer's departure from Costa Rica, perhaps!

The ill-got gains of the pirates soon vanished, and they were ripe for another undertaking. Early in 1669, Morgan, who was rising in fame and importance, assembled fifteen vessels and 800 men. With this force he sacked the wealthy cities of Maracaibo and Gibraltar in Venezuela, burned or captured an overwhelming squadron of Spanish war vessels sent to intercept him, and by brilliant and daring strategy carried his fleet past a powerful blockading fort without the loss of a ship. The booty was even greater than that taken from Puerto Bello.

Encouraged by these successes, Morgan organized another expedition, which, from its magnitude and audacity, threw his other adventures into the background. He was

the King of the Buccaneers now, and he had only to lift his hand to find himself surrounded by the cream of the ferocious society. Word was swiftly passed from mouth to mouth in every drinking place, brothel,

The flag-ship was the "Flying Stag," a ship of thirty-six guns, which had been sent by the Governor of Jamaica. It was gravely alleged that Morgan issued commissions to his principal officers in the name of the Gov-

"WITH STRANGE OATHS AND DEEP POTATIONS THEY DRANK SUCCESS TO THEIR ENTERPRISE."

and purlieu of the wicked cities of the Caribbean, that he was about to take the sea once more, and that there would be rich pickings for bold men under his command. Morgan himself wrote letters to the principal scoundrels of his acquaintance from Tortuga to St. Kitts. A rendezvous was appointed at Port Couillon, on the south side of Hispaniola, as usual.

His previous successes and the glowing accounts of the royal times they had enjoyed, which had been spread about by all the swaggering pirates among their detestable kinfolk and acquaintances, caused the greatest numbers to flock to the rendezvous. Morgan carefully scrutinized the various applicants, and by a process of natural selection secured such a body of desperate, hardened, ferocious, courageous ruffians as probably had never been assembled before or since.

ernor and King Charles II., guaranteeing them from all the effects of Spanish hostility. On October 24, 1670, twenty-four vessels had assembled at the rendezvous. After some predatory expeditions to secure supplies, the squadron set sail for Cape Tiburon, to take in food and water. Here Morgan was joined by several ships from the thrifty coasts of New England, which had been refitted and commissioned at Jamaica. The combined fleet now numbered thirty-seven vessels of various sizes, manned by 2,200 human tigers.

Contrary to custom, he took counsel with his principal officers to consider the best point of attack. They wavered between Panama, Carthagena, and Vera Cruz; the determining factor being not so much which was the easiest, but which was the richest. The decision finally fell upon Panama. I

have no doubt that De Guzman's emerald, which he still wore, influenced Morgan to this decision.

We can imagine how the hearts of these buccaneers beat with anticipation, how their eyes gleamed with lust and cupidity, as in the cabin of the "Flying Stag," with strange oaths and deep potations, they drank success to their enterprise, the most difficult thing ever attempted before or after by the famous brethren of the coast.

Before they could proceed to Panama it was necessary to capture the fort at the mouth of the Chagres River. Morgan and the bulk of his command remained at St. Catherine's, employed in preparation for their enterprise, while five ships and 400 men under the command of Bradley, a famous buccaneer, were sent forward to seize the castle. Morgan was to follow with the rest after eight days.

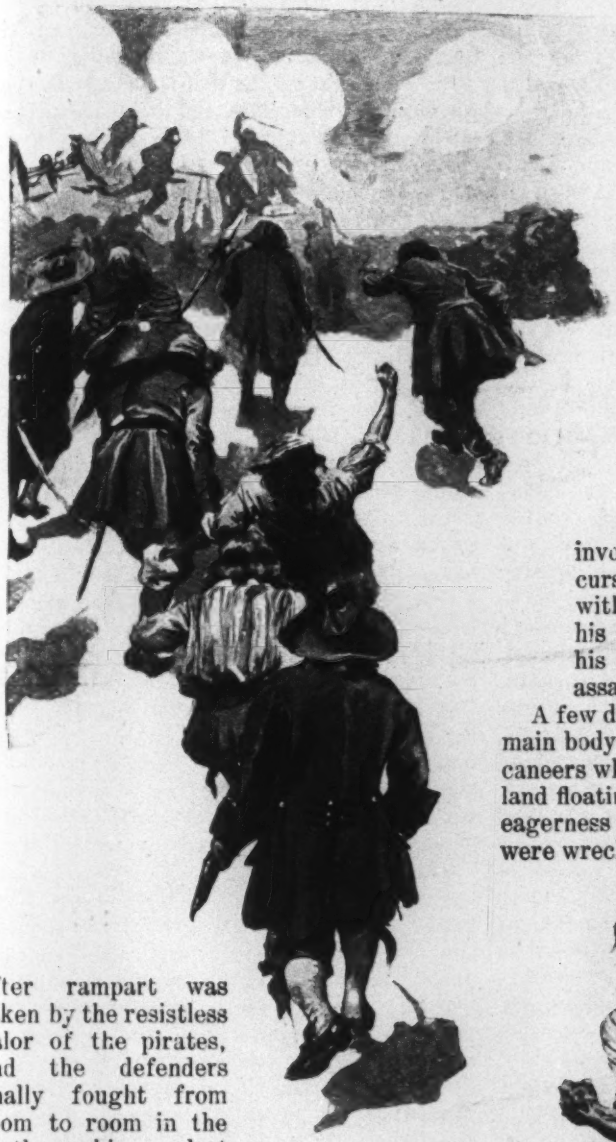
The castle of St. Lawrence was built on a high mountain of the same name at the mouth of the river. It was surrounded by strong wooden palisades banked on the inside with mounds of earth. There were four bastions toward the land and two toward the sea. The land side sloped down to a gentle valley, the sea face was precipitous and unscalable. The top of the mountain was divided in two parts by a ditch thirty feet deep. At the foot of the hill was an eight-gun fort and two batteries of six guns, all commanding the river. As usual, the buccaneers landed some distance away from the point of attack, and marched through a wood which was so thick that they had to hew out a way with axes and cutlasses. They finally reached a hill which commanded the castle, but, as they were without cannon and beyond musket range, their position was of no value.

They then descended the hill, avoiding the river forts, crawled across the open on their hands and knees to escape the dreadful fire which the Spaniards and their Indian auxiliaries poured upon them, which killed and wounded many of them, and then, sword in hand, swarmed up the steep sides of the hill and strove to climb the palisades. Many were shot down before they reached the rampart, where they enjoyed a certain immunity, for the most expert shots among the pirates, who had been stationed under cover, picked off every Spaniard who showed his head in an embrasure.

The fight dragged on until evening, when the buccaneers, having in vain tried to fire the palisades, retreated down the hill in the dusk in great disorder, having lost heavily. They carried their wounded with them. Bradley had both legs broken by a cannon shot, but his spirit was still undaunted. A steady exchange of musketry was kept up during the evening until night fell, when they made another assault.

Taking advantage of the darkness, a strong party crept up to the palisades. At the same time a body of French were detailed to climb the path upon another side and make a diversion. One of the Frenchmen was pierced in the shoulder with an arrow. Hastily tearing the dart from his quivering flesh, he took a handful of wild cotton which he kept in his pouch for lint, wound it around the arrow, and then, extracting the bullet from his musket, substituted the arrow for it. He took careful aim at the castle roof and discharged his piece. The arrow lighted on some dry thatch. The cotton caught fire from the discharge. It smoldered a moment or two upon the thatch, and then broke into a bright flame. There was soon a roaring blaze on the roof of the castle. Other buccaneers picked up the Indian arrows and repeated the experiment. Flames broke out on every side, and finally a barrel of powder blew up in a bastion, causing great damage.

With fierce cries of victory, the buccaneers rushed to the attack. The poor Spaniards were in a dreadful dilemma. Their situation was desperate indeed. Their forts and houses were burning behind them, and their foes were clamoring at the palisades. If they left the ramparts for a moment they would be slaughtered by the foe; if they could not check the flames they would be equally lost. They fought on, however, with the gallantry of their proud race. Their bodies, outlined against the bright light, presented a fair target for the pirate sharpshooters, while the latter were invisible in the darkness. While the palisades held, the Spaniards made good their defense, but as the night wore on the buccaneers succeeded in setting fire to the palisades. When morning broke, the wooden walls had been burned down and the earthen ramparts had fallen in great heaps. Pouring a tremendous musketry fire upon the now undefended place, shooting down man after man at the guns, which stood in the open, about noon they advanced to the storm. They passed the ditch by climbing on each other's shoulders. The Spaniards rallied around their governor and defended themselves with the courage of despair. It was a hand-to-hand struggle of the most dreadful description. Rampart



after rampart was taken by the resistless valor of the pirates, and the defenders finally fought from room to room in the castle, making a last stand in the guard-room, when the governor, sternly refusing to surrender, was shot dead.

When the buccaneers finally overbore resistance, and broke down the last brave defense by sheer weight of numbers, they captured but fourteen men, whom they rendered helpless by tearing their weapons from their hands. Many of the Spaniards, disdaining surrender, leaped over the cliff into the sea. The fourteen captives and nine or ten too desperately wounded to move, were all that were left of some 350 men in the garrison, not counting Indians. Over 200 of the buccaneers had been killed or wounded. It was as bold an attack and as desperate a defense as was ever made.

The courage of the buccaneers was beyond description. One of the surgeons has left on record an incident which shows the fortitude and fury of these pirates. A man who had been pierced in the eye by an Indian arrow came to the doctor to have it taken out. The surgeon shrank from the operation, knowing the intense pain it would involve. As he hesitated, with a curse the man tore it out of his eye with his own hand, and binding around his head a piece of rag ripped from his shirt, he rushed forward to the assault once more.

A few days after, Morgan arrived with the main body. Great was the joy of the buccaneers when they saw the royal flag of England floating over the ruined fort. In their eagerness to make the harbor, several ships were wrecked on the rocky reef at the mouth of the river, including the famous "Flying Stag." The crews and provisions were

"ABOUT NOON THEY ADVANCED TO THE STORM."

saved, and but for a "Norther" which swooped down upon them, the ships might have been saved. The remainder of the ships safely entered the harbor and the fort was rebuilt and garrisoned.

On January 18, 1669, the buccaneers set out with 1,300 men in canoes and small boats toward Panama. The great loss at the mouth of the Chagres, and the wreck of the ships filled some of the superstitious sailors with foreboding, but they were jeered and laughed at by the majority of the ruffians, and under the threat of being left behind they fell in with the rest. This was the cheer with which they began their march: "Long live the King of England, and long live Harry Morgan!" A nice collocation that!

For four days they toiled along the river, some in canoes and boats, and some on the banks. Their provisions speedily gave out and their hardships began. The country was a wilderness. They met no one. The villages they passed through had been denuded of everything edible and abandoned. They were forced to subsist upon roots, leaves, and grasses. In the absence of any proper equipment for any land campaigning, they were compelled to sleep on the ground in the damp, chilly, unhealthy tropic nights; consequently many fell ill. Their clothing was soon torn to rags by the impenetrable forests through which they were forced to make their toilsome way. On the fourth day they came upon an intrenchment, at which they rushed to the attack, sword in hand, but when they climbed over the ramparts they found it had been abandoned like the rest. There were a large number of old leather bags in the place. They cut them into pieces, soaked them in water, beat them soft between two stones, scraped the hair off with their knives, and roasted them by the fire. When cooked sufficiently, they cut each piece into small cubes and swallowed them. A poor substitute for food they found it.

On the fifth day, at a plantation at Barbacoa, they found several bags of flour, some jars of wine and bunches of plantains in a cave, which, by Morgan's orders, were divided among the most exhausted of the men. Some of them were nearly dead from famine, fatigue, exposure, and illness. The weaker men were placed in the canoes, and they resumed the march. On the sixth day they rested and sent out foraging parties to gather berries and roots until noon, when they again started forward. One party, wandering from the way, came to a plantation and a barn filled with corn. They broke down the crib and fell upon the maize ravenously, eating it raw in their desperate hunger. The rest of the army was notified, and forgetting discipline and order, swarmed about the great barn like ants on a hill. Each man received a small portion. They had a skirmish that afternoon with some Indians, which was of no importance, except that the men, thinking they were at last in touch with the Spaniards, with plenty of food in sight, threw away the maize they had saved. The Indians fled, and the buccaneers crossed the river and struggled on. They were in a state of utter despair, and only the heroic determination of Morgan kept them up. The admiral inspirited them by bribing the guides to tell them that they would soon be at their goal.

On the seventh day they arrived at a town called Cruz. As they approached it they saw, through the thick woods, columns of smoke rising from every side. Imagining that this betokened fires from the village kitchens, they rushed forward with the eagerness of starvation, only to find that the Spaniards had evacuated the place, taking everything eatable with them, and then had set fire to the town. There were a few stray cats and dogs prowling around the deserted streets; the hungry pirates fell upon them and they were soon killed and eaten.

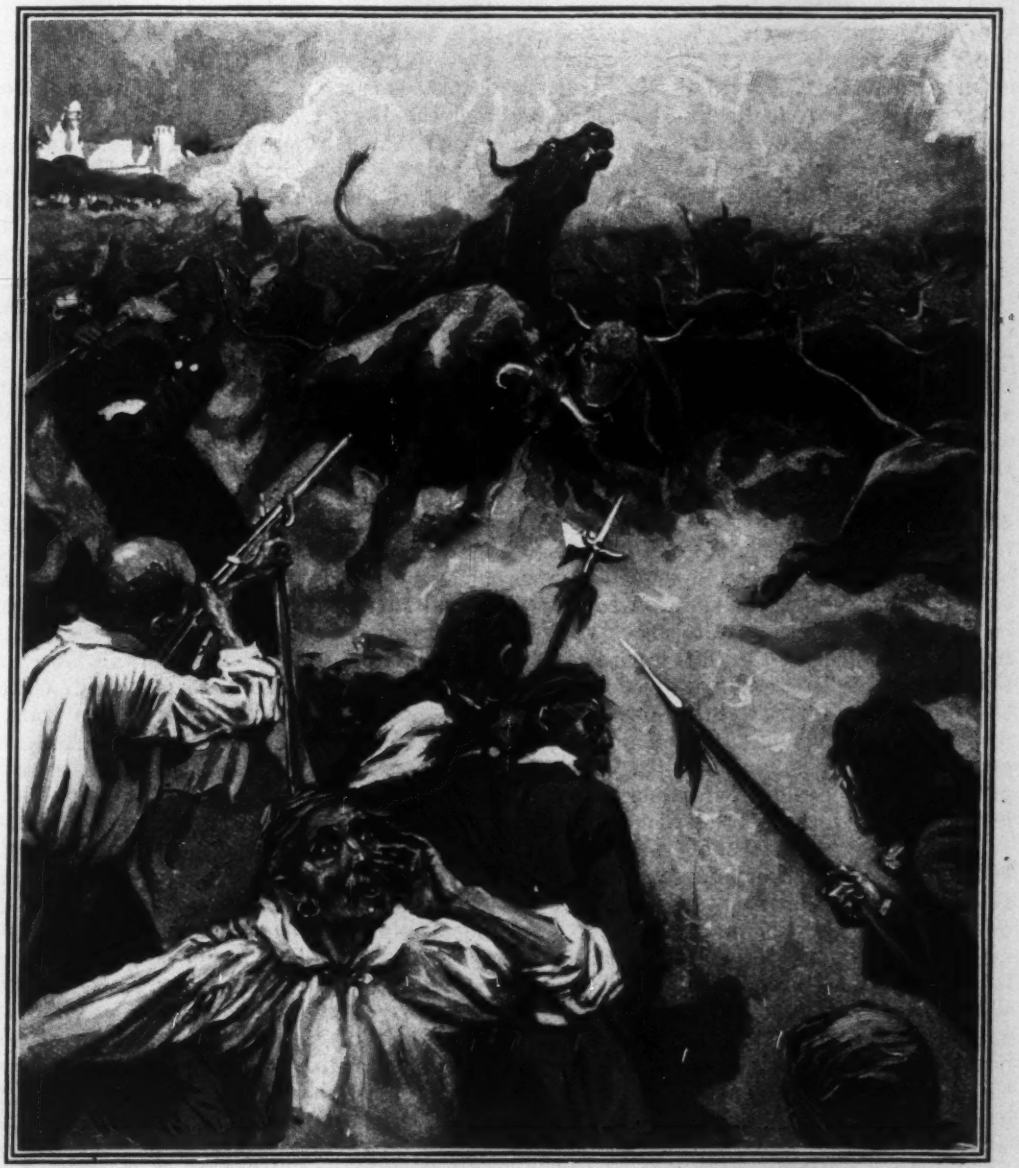
In the only building at Cruz which had not been burned they found fifteen jars of Peruvian wine. Though Morgan spread a report that the wine was poisoned, the starving and desperate men could not refrain from drinking it. Many of them became violently ill from their excesses. The canoes were now sent back to join the other boats.

On the morning of the eighth day Morgan passed his ragged tatterdemalions in review. He found his force was reduced to 1,100 men. From this number he selected 100 of the strongest to lead the advance, and then took up the march again. Late in the evening, while traversing a rocky pass, they were ambushed by Indians, who killed or wounded some twenty men by a flight of arrows. The buccaneers fired blindly into the woods, and two or three Indians fell from the heights into the road. One of them was evidently the chieftain of the party; a brave man, for as he lay wounded on the rocks, and one of the buccaneers made toward him, offering him quarter, he savagely tried to stab his whiter—but no less savage—foe. He was instantly shot down. The Indians broke and fled after the loss of their leader, and though

the buccaneers pursued them and killed several, they could not capture any of them. Meanwhile, a way had been made through the pass, which 100 resolute men could have held against an army. The rain beat down upon them all that night as they lay in the open without shelter.

The ninth day was a repetition of the others, a day of hunger, of labor, of despair. That day they saw some Spaniards for the first time, and although Morgan offered a reward of 300 crowns for every prisoner brought in, they did not succeed in catching any. They still toiled on, however, heading ever to the southward, and in the afternoon they climbed a mountain called to this day *El Cĕrro de los Bucaneros*, or the hill of the buccaneers, from the top of which they saw spread before them the heaving waters of the great Pacific Ocean. The sight had been much to Balboa, more to Sir Francis Drake, it was still more to Morgan and his men. I have no doubt that the old "*Thalatta*," which had risen to the lips of the Ten Thousand on a similar occasion, mingled with the shouts of that triumphant hour.

They descended the mountain that after-



"THE MEN . . . HAD NOT HUNTED CATTLE FOR NOTHING IN DAYS GONE BY."

noon and came to a valley filled with horses, mules, and cows. The ravenous buccaneers fell upon them like beasts of prey. They tore huge lumps of flesh from their quivering bodies while they were still alive, and scarcely waited to scorch them by the fire in their frantic hunger. Says a contemporary observer, "Covered with blood of the animals they had slain, they resembled cannibals rather than Christians." Having satisfied their appetite with the first full meal they had enjoyed in ten days, they took up their march toward the shore. Ascending a little eminence just at nightfall, they saw the church steeples of Panama bright in the light of the setting sun. Salvos of musketry and wild cheering rang in the air. The red flag under which they fought was unfurled and saluted with blasts of trumpets. The camp was then pitched for the night, the sentries posted with care, and then, lying on their arms, they sought much-needed repose, in preparation for the demands of the morrow.

When the buccaneers put themselves in motion the next morning, the tenth day, they marched for two hours through pleasant valleys magnificently wooded and diversified by running brooks and lakes of fresh water. At last they halted upon the top of a small hill. Beneath them spread the fairest prospect their eyes had ever looked upon. If Cuba is the Pearl of the Antilles, certainly Panama was the Gem of the Pacific. The white city lay before them embowered in foliage like a "handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald." Broad and fertile savannas extended between them and the town. A large part of the plain was under cultivation, and the beach was fringed with plantations shaded by groves of orange and lemon trees mingled with tall clusters of cocoanut palms. Beyond the city stretched the broad expanse of the beautiful Pacific. It was a picture of peace and contentment, soon to be replaced by a simulacrum of hell.

The houses and shops of the city were built chiefly of cedar and stone. There were at least 7,000 buildings in the town, and the population numbered about 30,000. The city was laid out in a handsome and imposing manner with broad streets and plazas. Within its walls eight monasteries, a lofty cathedral, many churches, and a splendid hospital attested the piety and generosity of the sons of Castile. The largest buildings, however, were the great warehouses of the Genoese company, which were tenanted from time to time by thousands of wretched human beings torn from their African homes to be sold into slavery. Out in the harbor, far away rose the beautiful islands of Tavoga and Tavogilla.

Here, at stated times, arrived the great plate fleet laden with treasures from the mines of Peru, which were exchanged for the negro slaves and for the produce and manufacture of the world, for Panama was the *entrepôt* for all the trade with the South Seas. More than 2,000 mules were annually employed transferring gold and silver alone to Puerto Bello. It was the strongest, richest, most magnificent city in the New World. It was protected by walls and forts, one on the Vera Cruz road mounting no less than fifty guns. There were 600 soldiers held in reserve in the city and the streets were barricaded. On the plain between the buccaneers and the town an army was drawn up. It comprised four regiments of regular Spanish infantry, a brigade of splendid cavalry, 2,000 armed citizens, sixty Indians, and some negroes. This formidable array of over 5,000 men, nearly 1,500 of whom were horsemen, was augmented by a strange auxiliary, consisting of 200 wild and furious Spanish bulls, which were with difficulty controlled by Indians, negroes, and mounted matadors.

The Spanish soldiers were all brilliantly uniformed and caparisoned, and made a brave show in the morning, advancing steadfastly under the great yellow silken flags of Spain. The hearts of the buccaneers sank at the sight of this army before them. The task seemed beyond their capacity. If they succeeded in defeating this force they still would have to deal with the city.

Morgan, by one of his brief fiery speeches, succeeded in infusing some of his own energy into the ranks of his ragged, sullen men, numbering now scarcely more than a thousand blades. He divided them into three battalions, sending 200 picked marksmen in advance as a forlorn hope. When all of his dispositions had been completed, he pointed out that they had no option, they must fight or die. The buccaneers, giving three cheers, desperately moved down the hill against the enemy. If ever an army fought with a halter around its neck, it was this. It was a struggle, not merely for booty and lust, but life. The thought nerved their arms.

The Spaniards advanced gallantly, the horsemen leading. Morgan sent his forlorn hope against them. As the Spanish cavalry charged, the buccaneers halted in a bit of marshy ground, into which the horsemen galloped recklessly, only to find themselves

mixed, checked, and thrown into confusion. The little party poured volley after volley into the cavalry, which made the most strenuous efforts to extricate itself and advance.

Meanwhile the Spanish infantry and the main body of the buccaneers opened fire upon each other. There was no comparison between the marksmanship of the rival forces. The Spaniards were mowed down in scores, but kept on bravely. At this juncture, the men in charge of the bulls endeavored to drive them upon the English flank. The men on Morgan's right had not hunted cattle for nothing in days gone by. By clever manœuvering they succeeded in heading them off, and the maddened animals rushed through the ranks of the Spanish infantry, trampling them and throwing them into terrible confusion. A valuable auxiliary they proved to the pirates.

After two hours of fighting, Morgan so manœuvered his men that a gap was opened in the Spanish lines between the cavalry and the infantry. Into this gap, with the quickness of a born soldier, he threw a small body which he held in reserve, at the same time ordering a general advance which he led in person. The Spanish line was pierced and broken. The pirates poured through the gap and extended themselves on either side. Taken in reverse, the horsemen were cut to pieces. Over 600 of them were killed outright, a large number wounded, and the remainder were driven in headlong flight from the field. The forlorn hope which had done such effectual shooting now turned their attention to the disheartened Spanish infantry. It had been beaten out of all semblance of organization, and, assailed on two sides, after a few more volleys and some desultory firing, the men broke and fled. The buccaneers pursued them unrelentingly, giving no quarter. The field became a scene of indiscriminate slaughter. The Spaniards were completely broken and scattered. Morgan had meanwhile adroitly interposed between the Spaniards and the city, so that only a few fugitives gained the walls.

Allowing his men—who were tired out from hacking, hewing, and slaughtering—but a short time for rest, for he appreciated the necessity of giving the Spaniards no time to recover themselves, Morgan took up his march for the city. Like a good soldier, he avoided the fort on the Vera Cruz road, and approached from the direction of Puerto Bello. The pirates were met by a smart fire from the ramparts, but their blood was up now, and they recked little of works or fortifications. They carried the outer works by storm, and poured into the terror-stricken city in a resistless horde. The Spaniards left there made an heroic defense, fighting from street to street and from house to house, until they were cut to pieces, but nothing could stay the onslaught of these human tigers. Ere sunset they were in complete possession of the city.

Ample warning had been given of the approach of the buccaneers, and many of the wealthy citizens, including a large number of women and children, had fled to the islands and the surrounding country. They had taken much treasure with them and concealed much more. In spite of this, however, the conquerors found themselves in possession of a vast booty. The Spanish officials had been confident that the pirates would be unable to capture the city. They had trusted in the numbers and valor of their army, and they had therefore not destroyed and concealed everything, and they had not entirely depopulated the city. Indeed, it would have been impossible. Morgan, fearful lest his men should get entirely out of hand, enjoined them, under the severest penalties, to drink no wine. They had lost heavily in their tremendous battle; probably not more than 600 able-bodied men remained to him, and there were many wounded needing attention. He was fearful lest the Spaniards, who still greatly outnumbered him, should rally and overwhelm his little force. The men were restrained with the greatest difficulty.

They had struggled, fought, marched, and suffered so dreadfully they could scarcely be made to understand the necessity for further restraint in the presence of wine, women, and treasure lying under their grimy, blood-stained, lustful, covetous hands. Unable to defend the town with his little force, Morgan resorted to a desperate expedient. He himself set fire to a number of the principal buildings of the city, to placate his men spreading the report that the Spaniards had done it. The night was dry and windy, and the fire got beyond control, burning down the greater part of the town before it could be checked.

That night the buccaneers camped under arms outside the walls. When the fire finally burnt itself out, Morgan despatched a strong party to the Chagres River to announce the victory and see that all went well with the garrison, and then the victors entered the trembling city. They fortified the Church of the Trinity, raised earthworks about it,

"THAT NIGHT THE PASSIONS OF HELL . . . WERE LET LOOSE."

and mounted all the guns they could crowd in the plaza. The remainder of the guns on the walls and the forts were spiked.

Then began the search for treasure. That night the passions of hell, pent up in their bosoms, and burning more fiercely from their unaccustomed restraint, were let loose. The bright moon from the clear heaven looked down in all its tender, tropic splendor upon such a carnival of crime and debauchery as possibly the world had never seen. The sacking of a town is a most frightful event, even when it is done by regular soldiery, but when the army is made up of men like the buccaneers, there are added to the scene touches of horror and atrocities which no pen can describe. The lust and greed of the conquerors was proportioned to the difficulties they had undergone in achieving the conquest. Rapine, murder, plunder, outrage, drunkenness, excesses of every kind filled the night with misery. Neither old age nor youth, beauty nor innocence, wisdom nor folly, good nor evil, were spared. It is impossible to depict the horrors of the period. The wounded and the prisoners were crowded into the churches where they had so often worshipped, and left to starve or die. Tortures of every kind which their rude ingenuity could suggest, were inflicted upon

helpless victims to make them disclose the hiding-place of their treasures.

Finally, after utterly ruining what was left of the town, the buccaneers took their departure on February 24, 1671. They had a vast amount of precious merchandize, 175 beasts of burden laden with gold, silver, and jewels alone, and 600 prisoners held for ransom.

One Spanish woman of surpassing beauty and heroic soul, who had very bravely held her honor against Morgan's advances, was taken with the rest. She sent two men to friends of her husband to get her ransom money—15,000 pieces-of-eight! They had betrayed their trust and had used the money to rescue some of their own friends. When Morgan learned of this fact he released the woman without ransom, and treated the messengers with the utmost rigor. It is the one solitary act of clemency and mercy which appears in his whole history. When the party reached the village of Cruz, Morgan halted until all but a few of the poor prisoners were redeemed. The false messengers, by the payment of a prodigious sum of money, escaped a just retribution for their treachery. The treasure was unloaded and embarked in boats and sent down the river to Barbacoa. There a muster of the buccaneers was held, and every one was searched for concealed booty, Morgan himself setting an example by submitting to the search.

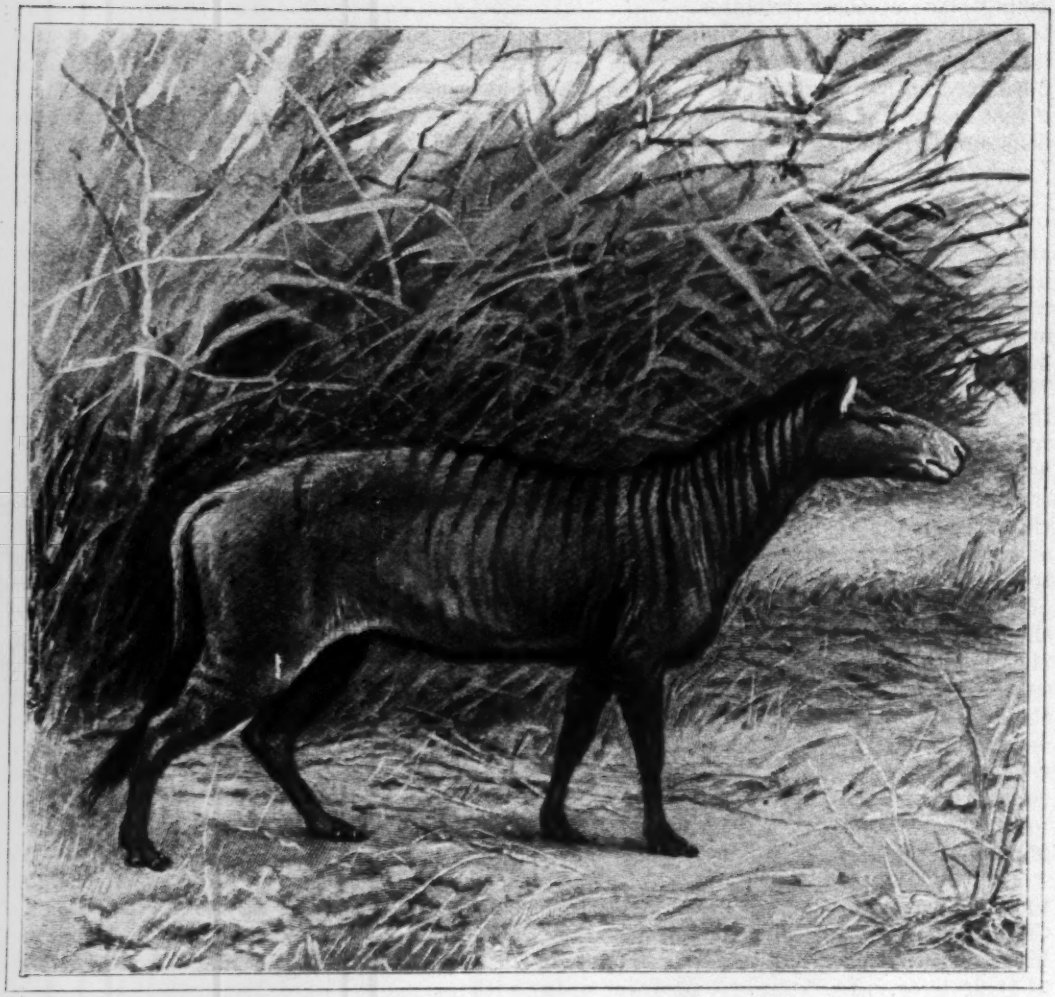
The band, now almost in a state of revolt, took up the march and finally reached the Chagres once more. Morgan and a body of his favorites, mainly English, were in terror of their lives. They put a bold front upon the situation, however, and the day after their arrival they divided the booty, which amounted to over $2,000,000, or pieces-of-eight, in cash, not counting the value of silk, cloth of gold, arms, and merchandise. The jewels were sold unfairly, the admiral and his friends buying the greater part for a mere song; beside which, in spite of the search, Morgan had found means to conceal an immense treasure in small compass. The buccaneers were disgusted and infuriated at the small sum which they individually received, and they even proposed to seize Morgan and compel him to disgorge and redivide. He got wind of their intention, however, and treacherously abandoned the main body by stealing out of the harbor in his own ship.

He returned to Jamaica, and contrary to his custom, invested his money, forswore pirating, and married the daughter of one of the principal men of the island. His position was an uneasy one, however, and it was even rumored among the buccaneers in the Caribbean that Morgan, fearing for his life, had determined to take possession, with a party of congenial spirits, of the famous island of St. Catherine, and take up the old trade again. The men, whose former affection to him was now turned to bitterest hatred, determined to waylay him on his voyage and capture him with his wife, children, and treasure. But before Morgan could get away a new governor arrived at Jamaica with a royal order to send Morgan to England to answer to the complaints of the King of Spain.

Undoubtedly the reformed pirate did not find this a hard matter; possibly some of the gold, silver, and jewels of Panama found their way beside the French crowns, into the coffers of the needy English king, for Charles II. disgraced knighthood by giving this dishonored adventurer the royal accolade. Sir Henry Morgan returned to Jamaica in triumph, where he continued his respectable career and rose to positions of prominence. In 1680 the Earl of Carlisle, the then governor of the island, returned to England on account of ill-health, and left Morgan as the deputy governor. The old buccaneer had his hour. He remembered his old comrades and the threats they had made against him, and he used his new-found authority to apprehend them and hang them without mercy, until the arrival of a new governor put a stop to his revenge. When his royal protector, Charles II., died he was thrown into prison, and of his further fate nothing is known.

In connection with the story of the sufferings of the Spaniards in Central America arises a thought of retribution. They had treated the aborigines of the land with a cruelty and rapacity which would have made an Aztec warrior blush. When they suffered from the cruelty of the buccaneers, they might look back upon the peaceful populations and the smiling land they had destroyed in their lust for gold, and remember that text of Scripture which says: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

THE FIRST HORSE. HEIGHT, 14 INCHES.*



Drawn by Charles R. Knight.

THE ANCESTRY OF THE HORSE.

By Frederic A. Lucas.

A FAMILY RECORD THAT REACHES BACK ABOUT TWO MILLION YEARS.

THE American whose ancestors came over in the "Mayflower" has a proper pride in the length of the line of his descent. The Englishman whose genealogical tree sprang up at the time of William the Conqueror has in its eight centuries of growth still larger occasion for pluming himself on the antiquity of his family. But the pedigree of even the latter is a thing of yesterday when compared with that of the horse, whose family records, according to Professor Osborn, reach backward for something

* The Hyracothere, or four-toed horse, which lived 2,250,000 years ago, was about the size of the fox.

The form and proportion of the figure are based upon the skeleton. The short mane, the tail with hair upon the sides alone, and the dark markings are conjectural, but are made intermediate in character between those of existing horses and those which we suppose to have been found in the early types of hoofed animals.

Drawn expressly for McClure's Magazine from material in the Department of Paleontology, American Museum of Natural History, and under the direction of Professor Henry F. Osborn.

like 2,000,000 years. And if, as we have been told, "it is a good thing to have ancestors, but sometimes a little hard on the ancestor," in this instance at least the founders of the family have every reason to regard their descendants with undisguised pride. For the horse family started in life in a small way, and the first of the line, the Hyracotherium,* was "a little animal no bigger than a fox, and on five† toes he scampered over Tertiary rocks," in the age called Eocene, because it was the morning of life for the great group of mammals whose culminating point was man. At that time, western North America was a country of many lakes, for the most part comparatively shallow, around the reedy margins of which moved a host of animals, quite unlike those of to-day, and yet foreshadowing them, the forerunners of the rhinoceros, tapir, and the horse.

The early horse—we may call him so by courtesy, although he was then very far from being a true horse—was an insignificant little creature, apparently far less likely to succeed in life's race than his bulky competitors, and yet, by making the most of their opportunities, his descendants have survived, while most of theirs have dropped by the wayside; and finally, by the aid of man, the horse has become spread over the length and breadth of the habitable globe.

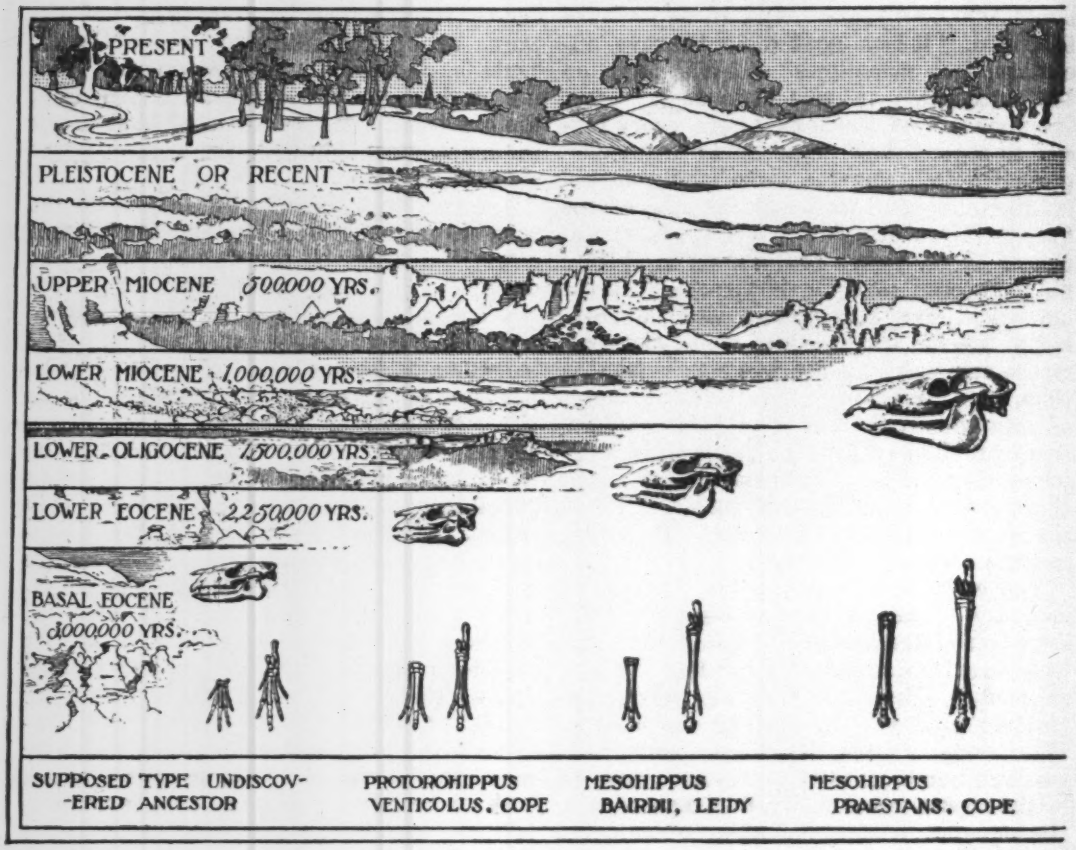
Now right here it may be asked, How do we know that the little hyracothere *was* the progenitor of the horse, and how can it be shown that there is any bond of kinship between him and, for example, the great French Percheron? There is only one way in which we can obtain this knowledge, and but one method by which the relationship can be shown, and that is by collecting the fossil remains of animals long extinct and comparing them with the bones of the recent horse, a branch of science known as Paleontology. It has taken a very long time to gather the necessary evidence, and it has taken a vast amount of hard work in our Western Territories, for "the country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils." Likewise it has called for the expenditure of much time and more patience to put together some of this petrified evidence, fragmentary in every sense of the word, and get it into such shape that it could be handled by the anatomist. Still, the work has been done, and, link by link, the chain has been constructed that unites the horse of to-day with the horse of very many yesterdays.

The very first links in this chain are the remains of the bronze age and those found among the ruins of the ancient Swiss lake dwellings; but earlier still than these are the bones of horses found abundantly in northern Europe, Asia, and America. The individual bones and teeth of some of these horses are scarcely distinguishable from those of to-day, a fact noted in the name, *Equus fraternus*, applied to one species; and when teeth alone are found, it is at times practically impossible to say whether they belong to a fossil horse or to a modern animal. But when enough scattered bones are gathered to make a fairly complete skeleton, it becomes evident that the fossil horse had a proportionately larger head and smaller feet than his existing relative, and that he was a little more like an ass or zebra, for the latter, spite his gay coat, is a near relative of the lowly ass. Moreover, primitive man made sketches of the primitive horse, just as he did of the mammoth, and these indicate that the horse of those days was something like an overgrown Shetland pony, low and heavily built, large-headed and rough-coated. For the old cave-dwellers of Europe were intimately acquainted with the prehistoric horses, using them for food, as they did almost every animal that fell beneath their flint arrows and stone axes. And if one may judge from the abundance of bones, the horses must have roamed about in bands, just as the horses escaped from civilization roam, or have roamed, over the pampas of South America and the prairies of the West.

The horse was just as abundant in North America in Pleistocene time as in Europe; but there is no evidence to show that it was contemporary with early man in North America, and even were this the case, it is generally believed that long before the discovery of America the horse had disappeared. And yet so plentiful and so fresh are his remains, and so much like those of the mus-

* The man who writes a museum label or an article on natural history is usually taken to task for not using common names, when the real trouble is that there are no common names to be used. The people who call for easier names do not stop to reflect that in very many cases the scientific names are no harder than others, simply less familiar, and when domesticated they cease to be hard: witness mammoth, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, boa constrictor, which are all scientific names. If we call our Hyracotherium a Hyrax beast, it isn't a name, but a description, as if one were to call a horse a one-toed, bushy-tailed, equine animal instead of *Equus caballus*, a name by which he is known the world over.

† Four, to be exact; but we do not wish to injure any part of Mrs. Stetson's poem.



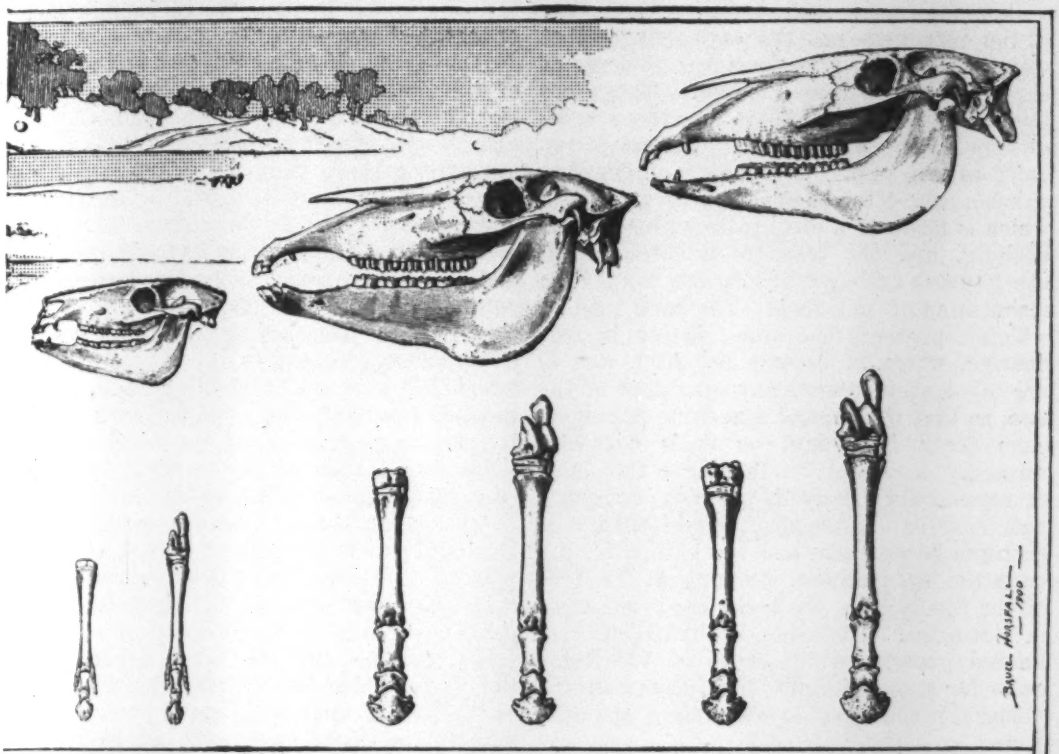
THE DEVELOPMENT

Drawn expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *by Bruce Horsfall, from specimens in the Department of Paleontology.*

tang, that the late Professor Cope was wont to say that it almost seemed as if the horse *might* have lingered in Texas until the coming of the white man. And Sir William Flower wrote: "There is a possibility of the animal having still existed, in a wild state, in some parts of the continent remote from that which was first visited by the Spaniards, where they were certainly unknown. It has been suggested that the horses which were found by Cabot in La Plata in 1530 cannot have been introduced."

Still we have not the least little bit of positive proof that such was the case, and although the site of many an ancient Indian village has been carefully explored, no bones of the horse have come to light, or if they have been found, bones of the ox or sheep were also present to tell that the village was occupied long after the advent of the whites. It is also a curious fact that within historic times there have been no wild horses, in the true sense of the word, unless indeed those found on the steppes north of the Sea of Azof be wild, and this is very doubtful. But long before the dawn of history the horse was domesticated in Europe, and Cæsar found the Germans, and even the old Britons, using war chariots drawn by horses—for the first use man seems to have made of the horse was to aid him in killing off his fellow man, and not until comparatively modern times was the animal employed in the peaceful arts of agriculture. The immediate predecessors of these horses were considerably smaller, being about the size and build of a pony, but they were very much like a horse in structure, save that the teeth were shorter. As they lived during Pliocene times, they have been named "Pliohippus."

Going back into the past a step further, though a pretty long step if we reckon by years, we come upon a number of animals very much like horses, save for certain cranial peculiarities and the fact that they had three toes on each foot, while the horse, as every one knows, has but one toe. Now, if we glance at the skeleton of a horse, we will



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OF THE HORSE.

American Museum of Natural History, New York. The estimates of time are those adopted by Professor Osborn.

see on either side of the cannon bone, in the same situation as the upper part of the little toes of the Hippotherium, as these three-toed horses are called, a long slender bone, termed by veterinarians the splint bone; and it requires no anatomical training to see that the bones in the two animals are the same. The horse lacks the lower part of his side toes, that is all, just as man will very probably some day lack the last bones of his little toe. We find an approach to this condition in some of the hippotheres even, known as Protohippus, in which the side toes are quite small, foreshadowing the time when they shall have disappeared entirely. It may also be noted here that the splint bones of the horses of the bronze age are a little longer than those of existing horses, and that they are never united with the large central toe, while nowadays there is something of a tendency for the three bones to fuse into one, although part of this tendency the writer believes to be due to inflammation set up by the strain of the pulling and hauling the animal is now called upon to do. Some of these three-toed hippotheres are not in the direct line of ancestry of the horse, but are side branches on the family tree, having become so highly specialized in certain directions that no further progress horseward was possible.

Backward still, and the bones we find in the Miocene strata of the West, belonging to those ancestors of the horse to which the name of Mesohippus has been given because they are midway in time and structure between the horse of the past and present, tell us that then all horses were small and that all had three toes on a foot, while the fore feet bore even the suggestion of a fourth toe. From this to our Eocene hyracothere with four toes is only another long-time step. We may go even beyond this in time and structure, and carry back the line of the horse to animals which only remotely resembled him and had five good toes to a foot; but while these contained the possibility of a horse, they made no show of it.

Increase in size and decrease in number of the toes were not the only changes that were required to transform the progeny of the hyracothere into a horse. These are the most evident; but the increased complexity in the structure of the teeth was quite as important. The teeth of gnawing animals have often been compared to a chisel which is made of a steel plate with soft iron backing, and the teeth of a horse, or of other grass-eating animals, are simply an elaboration of this idea. The hard enamel, which represents the steel, is set in soft dentine, which represents the iron, and in use the dentine wears away the faster of the two, so that the enamel stands up in ridges, each tooth becoming, as it is correctly termed, "a grinder." In a horse the plates of enamel form curved, complex, irregular patterns; but as we go back in time, the patterns become less and less elaborate, until in the hyracothere, standing at the foot of the family tree, the teeth are very simple in structure. Moreover, his teeth were of limited growth, while those of the horse grow for a considerable time, thus compensating for the wear to which they are subjected.

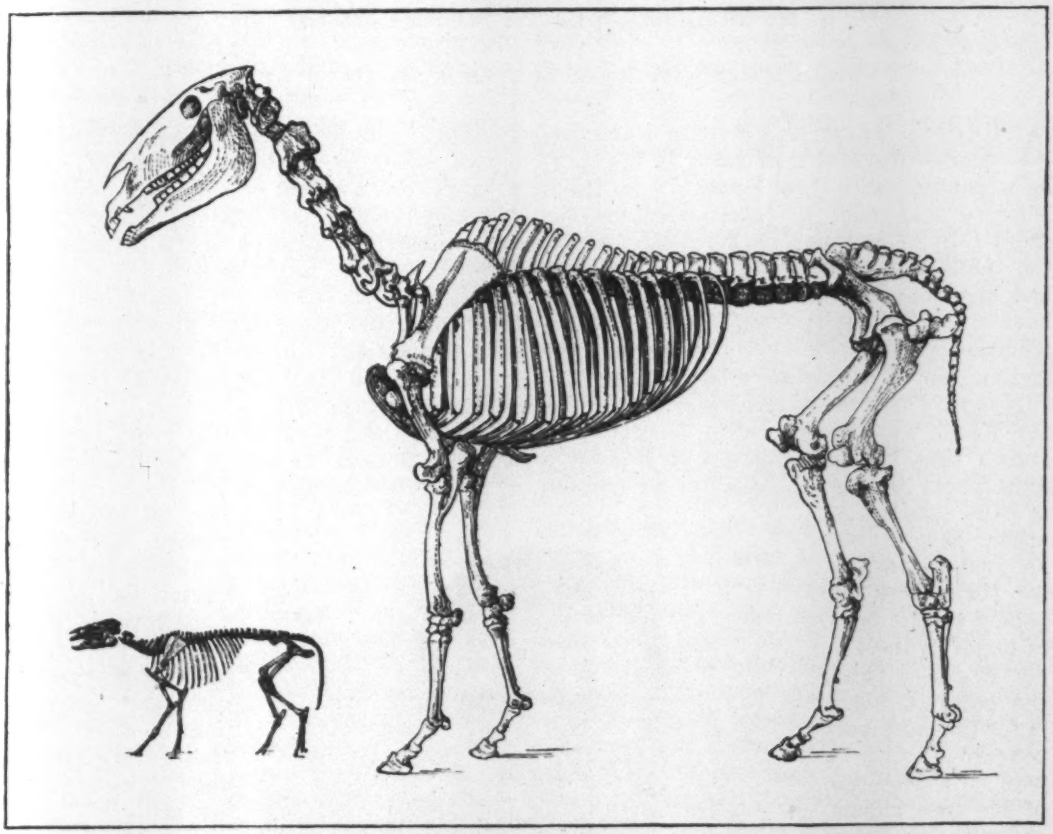
We have, then, this direct evidence as to the genealogy of the horse, that between the little Eocene hyracothere and the modern horse we can place a series of animals by which we can pass by gradual stages from one to the other, and that as we come upward there is an increase in stature, in the complexity of the teeth, and in the size of the brain. At the same time, the number of toes decreases, which tells that the animals were developing more and more speed; for it is a rule that the fewer the toes the faster the animal: the fastest of birds, the ostrich, has but two toes, and one of these is mostly ornamental; and the fastest of mammals, the horse, has but one.

All breeders of fancy stock, particularly of pigeons and poultry, recognize the tendency of animals to revert to the forms whence they were derived and reproduce some character of a distant ancestor; to "throw back," as the breeders term it. If now, instead of reproducing a trait or feature possessed by some ancestor a score, a hundred, or perhaps a thousand years ago, there should reappear a characteristic of some ancestor that flourished 100,000 years back, we should have a seeming abnormality, but really a case of reversion; and the more we become acquainted with the structure of extinct animals and the development of those now living, the better able are we to explain these apparent abnormalities.

Bearing in mind that the two splint bones of the horse correspond to the upper portions of the side toes of the Hippotherium and Mesohippus, it is easy to see that if for any reason these should develop into toes, they would make the foot of a modern horse appear like that of his distant ancestor. While such a thing rarely happens, yet now and then nature apparently does attempt to reproduce a horse's foot after the ancient pattern, for occasionally we meet with a horse having, instead of the single toe with which the average horse is satisfied, one or possibly two extra toes. Sometimes the toe is extra in every sense of the word, being a mere duplication of the central toe; but sometimes it is an actual development of one of the splint bones. No less a personage than Julius Cæsar possessed one of these polydactyl horses, and the reporters of the "Daily Roman" and the "Tiberian Gazette" doubtless wrote it up in good journalistic Latin, for we find the horse described as having feet that were almost human and as being looked upon with great awe. While this is the most celebrated of extra-toed horses, other and more plebeian individuals have been much more widely known through having been exhibited throughout the country under such titles as "Clique, the horse with six feet," "the eight-footed Cuban horse," and so on; and possibly some of these are familiar to readers of this magazine.

So the collateral evidence, though scanty, bears out the circumstantial proof, derived from fossil bones, that the horse has developed from a many-toed ancestor; and the evidence points toward the little hyracothere as being that ancestor. It remains only to show some good reason why this development should have taken place or to indicate the forces by which it was brought about. We have heard much about "the survival of the fittest," a phrase which simply means that those animals best adapted to their surroundings will survive, while those ill adapted will perish. But it should be added that it means also that the animals must be able to adapt themselves to changes in their environment, or to change with it. Living beings cannot stand still indefinitely; they must progress or perish. And this seems to have been the cause for the extinction of the huge quadrupeds that flourished at the time of the three-toed Miocene horse. They were adapted to their environment as it was; but

when the Western mountains were thrust upward, cutting off the moist winds from the Pacific, making great changes in the rainfall and climate to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, these big beasts, slow of foot and dull of brain, could not keep pace with the change, and their race vanished from the face of the earth. The day of the little hyracothere was at the beginning of the great series of changes by which the lake country of the West, with its marshy flats and rank vegetation, became transformed into dry uplands sparsely clad with fine grasses. On these dry plains the more nimble-footed animals would have the advantage in the struggle for existence; and while the four-toed foot would keep its owner from sinking in soft ground, he was handicapped when it became a question of speed, for not only is a fleet animal better able to flee from danger than his slower fellows, but in time of drouth he can cover the greater extent of territory in search of food or water. So, too, as the rank rushes gave place to fine grasses, often browned and withered beneath the summer's sun, the complex tooth had an advantage over that of simpler structure, while the cutting-teeth, so completely developed in the horse family, enabled their possessors to crop the grass as closely as one could do it with scissors. Likewise, up to a certain point, the largest, most powerful animal will not only conquer, or escape from, his enemies, but prevail over rivals of his own kind as well, and thus it came to pass that those early members of the horse family who were preëminent in speed and stature, and harmonized best with their surroundings, outstripped their fellows and transmitted these qualities to their progeny, until as a result of long ages of natural selection there was developed the modern horse. The rest man has done: the heavy, slow-paced dray horse, the fleet trotter, the huge Percheron, and the diminutive pony are one and all the recent products of artificial selection.



THE HORSE OF THE PAST AND THE HORSE OF THE PRESENT.

The Eocene four-toed horse, "Protorohippus venticolus," was fourteen inches high, while the modern horse, "Equus caballus," is fourteen hands high. The small horse was found by Professor Cope in the Wind River Mountains, Wyoming, and is now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

TRUE STORIES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

III.—FOUND GUILTY: Or, How the "Fly Coppers" Croaked a "Gun" when their Corporate Pride was Wounded.

With Drawings from Studies of Types in the Rogues' Gallery.

AMONG the graver misfortunes in the Under-World is that of being in the right in a contest with the Powers that Rule. When a man adds to this misfortune the sheer folly of pressing his right offensively, the gods have abandoned him. The gods had abandoned Howard Slifer, even in the hour of his triumph; from the first his humiliation was a certainty—the precise time and manner of it only were left in doubt.

Howard Slifer was a gentleman of the Under-World who allowed it to be generally known that any one who asked him for a fight would get it. A sensitive recognition of the claims of other people, and an austere respect for them, does not belong to the point of honor in the Under-World. There the point of honor is for the most part concerned with a man's recognition of his own claims, and with his determination to have other people austerely respect them. And Howard Slifer was punctiliously honorable.

Howard Slifer.

He was possessed of considerable sums of ready money, kept, with some trifling exceptions, in strong-boxes, the formulas for opening which invariably included a drill and a bit of dynamite. The trifling exceptions were small matters of loose coin and broken rolls of bank-notes which people of fortune, who had had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Slifer, stood and delivered to him "at sight" and "on demand," and, by a solecism in their business habits, asked no quittance or receipt. His physique was a patent of nobility in which all who stood might read a power to levy taxes and to assure possession of his personal estate wherever he might find it. He was of that build that led men to follow him with their eyes, and to speculate upon the amount of "punishment" he could take and could inflict. While they speculated, they respected him greatly.

Captain Brigstock of the —— Precinct was not a man, he was a deputy-divinity, and respected nothing except the arch-deputies, his official superiors. Technically, there were sharp limitations to his constitutional powers over mere mortals; but in practice, technical distinctions so seldom obtruded themselves upon his notice that his sense of them was apt to become quite vague. What the precise occasion was of his entering Mr. Slifer's domicile, nobody in the outer world ever plucked up courage to ask him. When Slifer was asked, he said that the captain had dropped in unofficially, on "private business," and added no comment beyond a malign grin. There was an impression in the outer world that the captain had made his visit expressly at a time when he knew Mr. Slifer was not at home, and that Mr. Slifer had returned unexpectedly. What was certain is that the captain made his exit from

the Slifer domicile in unconventional haste, and that no mention of the incident was ever made in the public prints. He had reached the street from a second-story window, through which he had backed with such violence as to bring away the sash. This was the hour of the haughty Slifer's triumph and the hour when the gods abandoned the captain.

Three weeks afterward, there occurred a manifestation of *esprit de corps* among the Powers that Rule which it was not pleasant to contemplate. Patrolman Hooper, of Captain Brigstock's precinct, had been murdered overnight while on duty; and not only in Brigstock's precinct, but throughout the city the force was of one mind. It was not only that an officer on duty is not safe, for not a man of them was safe; but there was an element of insult and effrontery in an attack upon a patrolman that stirred something more in his associates than personal fear. It touched their corporate pride.

"Somebody's got to croak for this," Detective Swinton declared sententiously to a group of his brother "sleuths." "I don't care if Hooper was only a Flatty. He was a copper, and we fly cops have got to send some bloke to the chair for baistin' him. There's a push o' guns in this town that thinks Flatties don't count, that there won't be much of a kick when one of 'em 's keeled over, an' they'll croak some of us fly cops before long if we don't learn 'em a lesson.

"It was a great bull somebody wasn't croaked for the killin' o' Patrolman Stimson two years ago. Stimson was a fool right enough to go up against the gang that did him, but if one of 'em had croaked for baistin' him, Hooper 'ud be alive now. I tell you, guns are just like kids when it comes to learnin' 'em anything. If they see 't ye mean business they'll crawl, but if ye monkey with 'em, they'll t'row ye down. There's some that thinks that guns 'll act on the level with coppers whether they got to or not. That's —— rot. 'Course there's some squarer than others; but I've known all kinds for twenty-five years, an' I give it to ye straight, they ain't built to like us. They got the same class feelin' 't we have, an' if we don't croak one of 'em for doin' Hooper, they'll get so nervy that coppers'll be droppin' in their tracks ev'ry month. They got to be called down."

The law for the Powers that Prey is: *It is better ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.* The law for the Powers that Rule is: *An example must be made.* The Powers that Prey must suffer as a clan for an offense against the Powers that Rule. The clan must give up its offending member, or must stand in uncertainty and terror of where precisely the hand of the force will strike. That it will strike somewhere there must not be the slightest doubt.

The orders of Captain Brigstock were laconic, and smacked of his superhuman authority. He recognized no impossibility in the case; he spoke with the accent of omnipotence. He said simply:

"Find him: I don't want to hear a word about difficulties: d—n the difficulties: I want him found."

There were for the moment but the slightest indications to go upon. Hooper must have been struck from behind, must have turned upon his assailant, and in the scuffle lost his helmet. At least, he had been stabbed twice in the back and had received a heavy downward blow in the temple, from which his helmet would have saved him. The mainspring of his watch had been broken; and the hands marked five minutes past four, thus determining almost with exactness the moment he was assaulted. His assailant had been hurt, and could be traced by bloodstains to a sheltered doorway half a block distant, where he had seemingly bound up his wounds and changed his clothes. A hundred other details were reported, but for three days these remained, in spite of the command of deputied omnipotence, the only ones that were significant. Then came a statement that a short time before his death Patrolman Hooper had had difficulty with Howard Slifer, and that high words had been exchanged.

It is said that Slifer attempted to break away when he found himself safe within the walls of the station-house in the —— Precinct. He was, at all events, soundly clubbed before he was locked in his cell. The blows given were actually measured according to his powers for taking punishment: it may be doubted whether Captain Brigstock had been more thoroughly bruised when he measured his length in the street. It is perhaps a chance coincidence that the captain was present while Slifer was being taught the power of the law.

The evidence against the prisoner was worked up with systematic vigor. The negative evidence, especially, was significant: it could not be discovered that at the time Patrolman Hooper was struck down the prisoner was not near at hand.

Patrolman Gundy, in a misguided moment, opined that almost at the precise time of the murder he had seen the prisoner enter a house a dozen blocks distant from the scene of the affair. The outburst of disapproval with which this statement was received made Patrolman Gundy uncertain, first about the time, then about the precise man, and finally about whether or not he had seen any one.

Patrolman Conard opined that at a quarter to five he had passed a man, who might be the prisoner, within a block of the scene of the affair. The captain asked him what in the name of things unprintable "his glims were for," and told him point-blank that any one not an ass could say whether a man that he had passed was the prisoner or not. Patrolman Conard became certain that he was not an ass, and certain that he had passed the prisoner—that the hour was a quarter to five, or a quarter to four or to three.

A safe had been blown open in the building immediately in front of which Patrolman Hooper's body was found, and the prisoner's method of collecting the living that the world owed him was well known. There were a number of other people who employed the same method, but that is a matter of detail. The abandoned clothes were much too short in the arms and legs for the prisoner, and much too small to have been drawn on over a second suit; but clad in his underclothing it was just possible that he could have squeezed into them, and the less perfectly they fitted him the better the disguise. At the time he was stripped and examined in his cell he had so many recent wounds that the only difficulty was to decide which of them his captors had not given him.

The indictment before the grand jury was secured by evidence which, as the newspapers said, was so "overwhelmingly convincing" that murder in the first degree was the only charge permissible. The district attorney publicly complimented the police on their handling of the case, and declared that never before in his activity as public prosecutor had he known of a murderer who was not actually seen committing the crime being brought to the bar of justice with proof of guilt so thoroughly established and ably presented. In an interview with a representative of the press, he said: "Captain Brigstock's men have not only avenged the murder of their brother officer, they have demonstrated afresh the remarkable ability of the city's police force. It is no slight matter to protect a city as large as ours, which in the very nature of things becomes a Mecca and Medina for criminals; and it is gratifying to know that our safety is looked after by so conscientious a band of officers."

The patrolmen ordered before the grand jury not only distinctly remembered seeing Slifer in the near neighborhood of the scene of the crime soon after it was committed, but they produced the weapon with which Hooper had been struck down, and showed the jury several rolls of bills, taken from Slifer's pockets, which there was no doubt were part of the plunder he had secured in the safe robbery. Free to indulge his imagination as to how the struggle between Hooper and Slifer took place, the prosecuting attorney portrayed the villain discovered by the virtuous Hooper in the act of blowing open the safe, or in the act of endeavoring to escape, no matter which. The intellectual and wholly impatient jury, who had business of their own which they were not attending to, saw in their mind's eye the prosecuting attorney's vivid picture, saw the villain Slifer blow open the safe, saw him make his escape, saw the faithful Hooper attempt to arrest him, saw the struggle, the blows, the gleam of the knife. Finally, they saw in private, with eyes not of the mind, Slifer's mishandled body. To add force to these specific arguments, Slifer's record, both as a "peterman" and convict, was produced, and he was declared to be one of the most desperate offenders in the country. There was nothing for the jury to do but indict him, and he was bound over till the next term of court.

Francis Pirie and James Schell were two travelers of the Under-World who had just returned from Europe to secure fresh letters of credit. They had made the fashionable grand tour of the Continent, had "blown themselves" at the Monte Carlo "crib," had seen wonderful things in forbidden Paris, and had come back to "God's country" to attend to business until their bank accounts should permit of another trip abroad. Schell had suggested while they were in Paris that they recoup their fortunes on the spot, and avoid the sea-sickness and miscellaneous locomotion, but Pirie's counsel had prevailed; and they had arrived in "God's country" about three weeks previous to the murder of Patrolman Hooper.

"There's dough on this side all right," Pirie admitted in reply to Schell's suggestion that they establish themselves in the French capital; "but it ain't our kind o' dough.

I been rubberin' round pretty strong since I been on this side, an' I'm next to how the money market stands over here. You remember that fellow from Vienna 't I borrowed a hundred from in Rome, an' how he kept tellin' me to be sure an' return it by the time I said I would? Well, he shows the whole business. He was a nice enough bloke, an' had the rocks an' all that, but he ain't the kind o' bloke that let's you an' me live an' take trips abroad. When he figures up his accounts at the end o' the year, ev'rything must balance. He'll have a whole string o' items jus' called, 'Man ain't made o' wood,' but he knows where them contributions went. See? Well, it's the same all over Europe; they all got to know where and how their dough went, who got it, and what they got for it. It 'ud kill 'em to figure up one o' the columns in their account books, and have to write after it: 'Gone, an' d——n me if I know where.'

Captain Brigstock, a deputy-divinity.

"They've got dough, but they ain't got no dough to lose without makin' a —— of a beef about it. See what they did with Bidwell when he made that Bank o' England touch in the early seventies. Gave him life! W'y, them Englishmen thinks money is somethin' sacred, holy, religious-like. I gamble a thousand that old bank could be touched up again for a million or two, but they'd hang the bloke that done it. It's not like that on the other side: ev'ry year there's just so much dough lyin' around loose to be swiped, an' if it ain't swiped it's put down in the profit column. It's the same kind o' dough that's lookin' for circulation in poker games. It wants to keep movin' an' changin' hands, an' guns is there to give it rope. See? It's a kind o' Providence!"

"An' the coppers is there to make the guns trouble," retorted Schell. "It's all right about the loose dough, but how about the loose fly cops? I'd rather take my chanst with ten o' these Rube coppers here in Paris 'n with one o' the fly elbows in York."

"Aw, everybody's a copper on this side," urged Pirie. "You remember that gun in Berlin tryin' to make a get away after he'd picked the moll's pocket, an' how the whole street sprinted after him? That's the way they do things on this side — the crowd is in sympathy with the copper an' not with the gun. In the States they give a gun a runnin' chance, an' let the copper do the chasin'. That's what's what an' the way it ought to be."

The morning of the day following the murder of Patrolman Hooper, two men were in earnest conversation in a gaudily furnished room in an uptown hotel. One lay on the bed with a bandage around his head; and from the blood-stains on the clothes it was evident that he was nursing a wound; the other sat at the bedside. The two were registered on the hotel's books as coming from Sydney, Australia, and had signed their names as Richard Wamperson and Jackson Mather.

"You put his light out all right," the man at the bedside remarked. "They picked him up croaked."

"Serves the duffer right," mumbled the invalid. "Anybody been copped out yet?"

"The 'pipers' say—jes' listen to my furrin eddication!—that the police have pinched that Michigan bloke, Slifer. We done a bit with him in Cherry Hill eight years back; remember?—the bloke 'at made old Brigstock take that quick sneak out of his flat one day. They're going to railroad him for fair. The 'World' says the police found the weapon on him, an' the 'Journal' claims

't he had some o' the bank's dough in his pockets."

"Them newspapers is gettin' real wise. What a lot they do know! Seems like a gun can't do nothin' any more 'thout bein' pinched for somethin' else!"

This comment was certainly ungrateful, the invalid not having been pinched of late for anything. More than that, it was unintelligent: the invalid did not understand the arrangement of things which makes imaginative "news" columns indispensable.

"I'd sooner be pinched for what I didn't do 'n what I done; it riles a bloke's senses o' justice to be accused false an' helps him put up a front," declared the other. "But you kicked in Payree about ev'rybody bein' a copper in Europe an' a gun havin' no chance; what do you call the newspapers in this country but coppers?"

Francis Pirie.

"Fly ones, ain't they? They ain't copped you an' me; they're as dead as de stiffs in the Front Office!"

"They say Slifer got away with the full 50,000 because they only found a few rolls on him. They're smart, they are! They think he's made a plant somewhere."

"Shows you how dead they are. They know about's much who copped that coin as Slifer does. Course the police 'a' got to put up a bluff, an' 'r' glad to pinch anybody; but you'd think them papers might take a tumble to themselves once in a while."

"Good job for us 't we wasn't mugged that time that old Freckleton got 'is glims on us. Three years ago, ain't it?"

"Longer 'n that, an' besides, old Freck's croaked. He's the only man on the force 't knew us."

"Oh, I ain't leary, I ain't; but it's pie to take your constitutional without ev'rybody rubberin'. Say, I guess I'll take a bit of a leg-loosener, an' see 'bout bankin' that dough in London. That's where we need it in our business, an' the sooner we get it there the quicker. We want to mooch soon as you can stand for the ante!"

"A' right, but don't be long—I'm dead to the world up here alone. So long."

"So long."

The night of the beginning of the eighth week after the murder of Patrolman Hooper, Francis Pirie and James Schell were sitting in a fashionable midnight resort in Sixth Avenue. Pirie should have been at home and in bed; almost any layman could have told him that he was gravely ill. He was a dime-novel specter, and the flesh had drawn back on his bones till they began to stand out in sharp angles. The inference of an outsider would have been that he was another of the victims which the life in fashionable midnight resorts sometimes demands; but inferences made by outsiders show their wit, and not their knowledge. The only person present who really knew what was what was James Schell, but he would not have admitted this even to Pirie. There was a look of disgust in his face while he watched the sick man reach feebly for his glass.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't take a bracer. You've been hangin' around these joints for the last two months, an' I'm gettin' tired o' lookin' at you. I want to mooch to the other side. Any one 'ud think that that copper had hit you with a base-ball bat, the way you play the baby act. He jus' gave you a love tap with his mace, that's all."

"A couple o' love taps like that 'ud 'a' put out my light then and there," Pirie answered wearily. "I'm a sick man, Schell."

"Sick nothin'. Why the devil don't you stay to home if you're sick? You been followin' me about for the last eight weeks like a cur purp. I never asked you to. Stay to home an' nurse yourself if you're so knocked up. I'm agreeable. I'm gettin' badly tired o' hearin' you whine. You don't need to be afraid o' me; I ain't goin' to knock against

you. Nobody'll ever find out from me 't you an' that flatty couldn't hit it off together. I can keep as dead about that as you can. An' I ain't goin' to do you out o' the dough either. You'll get all that's comin' to you when we get to London. It's banked there, an' half of it is your'n. But I give it to you straight, I'm goin' to give you the chilly mit if you don't stop doggin' me round to all these joints."

"You give me the chilly mit!"

Pirie sat upright in his chair with an obvious effort. The hand of death was upon the man really, but he had his grit with him.

James Schell.

"That's what I said. You're all right when you want to be, but I won't stand for any more o' this shadowin' me about—see? What I think is, you're bug-house."

Merely to acknowledge that he was sick was a confession which, in the circumstances, it had cost Pirie more than Schell realized to make; to sit at a table with a man whom he had looked upon as his "pal" and hear that he was "bug-house" was a challenge which even his weakened state could not keep from accepting.

"Take that, you duffer," he hissed between his teeth, and threw his beer glass with all his might at Schell's head.

The fight was over before the attendants could interfere. Schell tried to throw Pirie to the floor, and Pirie sent a bullet through his heart. His light went out without a flicker.

A man lay dying in the hospital ward of —— Prison. Captain Brigstock, of —— Precinct, sat beside his couch.

"Scheduled to croak, all right—ain't I? Raise me up a bit, Cap. Thanks."

"That's what they call it, Pirie."

"Well, Cap, I might as well tell you now as later. You got the wrong bloke in that Hooper business. Slifer didn't do Hooper. Give me some more o' that dope there—quick—I—I—am—dyin'. Lord, but it's a dirty job to die: an' me too—I die bad. That's why I'm tellin' you."

The stimulant revived him for a moment.

"Say, Cap—me an' Schell—you listenin'?—put it on paper, blokey; I'm gettin' kind o' weak in me tubes: got the pencil there—me an' Schell, we croaked—gettin' it down?—we croaked Hooper; me in front with a billy when his helmet dropped off an' him behind with a knife. That stuff in the papers was rot. An' Schell, I put his light out, d——n him. He tried to do me out o' the dough. That's why I'm here. See?"

Brigstock's pencil paused, and Brigstock himself took it for a sign of some special care of Providence for him that Pirie's confession had been made to no one else. What kind of Providence would naturally choose him out to care for, and whether in highest heaven or deepest the other place, he had not leisure at the moment to inquire.

"Where's the dough planted?" Brigstock asked.

The sick man's eyelids fluttered open, but with no recognition of Captain Brigstock or of his question: there was a great light of anger and pain in the eyes, and the lips drew back from the strong, discolored teeth.

"You give me the chilly mit!" he almost shouted, half rising in bed. "Take that, you duffer!" and he flung himself bodily on Captain Brigstock.

It was quite true that Pirie died bad.

That evening Brigstock in his lodgings meditated afresh on the special care of Providence. At the end of his meditations, which he had assisted by striding up and down the room, he knelt by the open fire and tore out and burned certain leaves from his notebook.

The night of New Year's Day, some ten months after the murder of Patrolman Hooper, Howard Slifer sat in his cell in —— Prison, and talked through the bars of the cell door with his "death watch." The evidence given at the time of his indictment

had been repeated with additions at the time of his trial, and among those additions the confession of Francis Pirie was not found.

"You hear what I'm tellin' you, Jackson," Slifer said that night. "I ain't turnin' soft, an' kickin' 'bout goin' to the chair: not me! It's up to me to sit in it, that's straight. An' I've done enough to deserve croakin', ten times over. But, Jackson, it ain't up to me to stand for the killin' o' Hooper. I didn't do it. 'Course the evidence don't look that way; an' they think that they've got me dead to rights, but that jus' shows how bug-house some o' the things in this world are. Jackson, if Hooper could get out of his grave now, he'd say: 'Slifer didn't do it.' I don't mind croakin' for anythin' I done, but I hate like —— to croak for somethin' I didn't."

HER HUSBAND'S WEAKNESS.

By Myra Williams Jarrell.

MRS. SANDERS turned her head away from the bacon she was frying, that her tears might not fall upon it. It was not a bitter, scalding down-pour, but only a faint, despondent drizzle which came from eyes from which the luster of youth and hope long since had faded.

"Now, Ma," protested her husband, who was sitting uneasily on the edge of a chair with a feeble smile on his face, "don't take it so hard; it ain't as though we was starvin'. You know, don't you"—with an eager tremor in his voice—"that I wouldn't 'a' done it if we'd really needed the money for food?"

"'Tain't no use argying with you, Pa," she answered drearily, "'cause if you had some more money to-morrow, and saw somethin' pretty 'at you thought me or the children would like, you'd get it, even if we didn't have no shoes nor stockings to our name."

Presently, the bacon fried to a crisp and the eggs sizzling in the grease, she glanced again at her husband. With his round, china-blue eyes, his ruddy skin, and his tously red hair, he looked absurdly like a child sitting there; and as if he were a child, there was a quiver about the weak mouth, as if he strongly felt the weight of her disapproval.

All the instinct of motherhood rose in the woman; and going over, she laid a kind hand on his shoulder and said cheerfully: "Never mind, Pa, it *is* a handsome water service, and will look real nice on the marble-topped table 't mother give us when we was married."

He brightened up immediately and said: "I knew 't you'd like it, Mandy, when you once got over your predjoodice agin sich things."

She sighed slightly, and began dishing up the supper. "Call the children, Pa," she said. Soon they came trooping in, a healthy, happy brood of five, all under twelve, with scarcely a whole garment between them, and what they had all patched and darned.

There was nothing in the patient mother's face to show the despair she felt, when, after the meal, the children were marshalled by their enthusiastic father in the front room to view the new possession, a swinging silver water pitcher with two silver goblets on a standard. Eagerly he displayed it to their admiring eyes, and proudly he told how much it had cost, in his pleasure at their round-eyed appreciation forgetting the gentle chiding he had received when he first reached home with it.

After the work was done and the children in bed, Mrs. Sanders sat down by the kitchen table with a heap of little clothes beside her to patch and mend. "Now tell me, Pa, did you pay Deacon Jones the int'rest money on

the mortgage?" she asked anxiously, after a silence.

He cleared his throat before he replied: "Well, no, Mandy, but I'll pay next week. John Bent's goin' to buy my heifer, and then I'll give the deacon that money."

"I s'pose, now," she queried, "you saw the pitcher before you saw the deacon?"

"Well, yes, Ma," he chuckled; "but don't you fret. We'll come out all right. The wheat crop'll be good if we don't have too much of a drought—and then I'll buy you a piano."

"Now, Pa," she protested vehemently, "don't be silly; we need all the money we can get hold of, just to dress and feed the children and to pay the mortgage."

"I ain't forgot, Mandy Sanders, if you have, how lovely you used to play the melodeon when you was a girl, and we used to sing together: 'Oh, believe me if all those endearing young charms that I gaze on so fondly to-day'——"

"I remember," she put in softly, "and 'tain't as though I don't love music now, for I do; but you mustn't think of doing such a thing, Pa, really you mustn't."

"Don't you fret, Ma, just you trust me. I ain't never failed you yet, hev I? Hevn't I been faithful an' true to you, Mandy?"

"Yes, Pa," she assented, then added with some spirit, "but maybe 'twould be more to the p'int if you'd 'a' been less faithful an' true an' had had more common sense. There, there, I didn't mean to hurt you, Pa, but sometimes when I think o' them little folks o' mine, I wish't you'd take better care of your money, and not be so indulgent."

"I'm sure I'm doin' the best I can fer all of you," he muttered sulkily. "I work hard, and try to please you, and then you grumble that I don't provide for you." And he went to bed in an ugly frame of mind.

Mrs. Sanders sat there long after he had gone to bed, thinking bitterly of her sacrifices and economy since her marriage, which had always been rewarded by just such extravagance as this of to-day.

It was a good farm, not heavily mortgaged; and she knew it would pay if there were no drought, and if only he were not so foolishly childish about the value of money.

As usual, though, after her bitter reflections, she upbraided herself for harshness, as a mother does toward a much-loved child who has deserved and received discipline, and she went to bed resolved to be kinder in her judgments in the future.

The weeks following were ones of depression. Everything depended upon rain, and the sky remained blue and unclouded, and the sun scorching. Even Mr. Sanders' optimism deserted him at times, and he took his defeat like a spoilt child, and became petulant and irritable.

Whenever Mrs. Sanders looked at the silver pitcher, her soul rose in revolt against a man who could spend his little all in such senseless extravagance, while his children were nearly naked, and the larder was diminishing day by day. Every day she went to the kitchen door and looked off over the boundless stretch of prairie toward the western horizon, looking for some hopeful sign, if it were only a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. But none appeared.

Finally Mr. Sanders sold the heifer, and, jubilant once more, he started to town to make some necessary purchases.

"Please be careful, Pa," entreated his wife; "you know how doubtful the crop is, so don't buy anything outside o' this list I've given you, things we just can't do without, and see Deacon Jones and ask him to let the int'rest money run a little longer; he's so good and kind 't I know he will if you explain how it is."

"Now don't you fret, Ma," was her husband's cheerful response. "I guess I know how to manage my own money," and he drove off, leaving Mrs. Sanders in a dubious frame of mind.

All through the long, hot day she hummed a tuneless song over her work, trying to assure herself that her husband would be careful and buy only the necessary things.

As evening drew on, the children gathered around, and they all sat in the shade of the little house waiting for his arrival. The minutes passed, and still he did not come. Mrs. Sanders shaded her eyes and stood up to see better. Off toward the setting sun a cloud was gathering—a tiny cloud, gradually enlarging, which spoke of renewed hope.

She looked again toward the road which led to town, and gave a sigh of relief as she saw a wagon slowly, slowly crawling toward them. "There he is at last," she said to the children; "now I'll go in an' see about supper."

In a few minutes the children called her excitedly. "'Tain't Pa; it's Mr. Bert an' Mr. Wilson, Ma." She rushed out of the house, and was met by two downcast, rugged men, who explained that her husband's team had run away with him and thrown him out,

and that they had brought him home. "Badly hurt, ma'am," one of the men added; "seems as if he ain't goin' to git well."

Tenderly they lifted and carried him into the house, and laid him on the sofa in the front room, the awestruck children following on tip-toe, and pushing each other to get a better look at the poor, limp, white thing which had been their father.

He opened his eyes, and looked around and smiled feebly at his family, then demanded of his neighbors,

"Where's my package?"

One of them went out to the wagon and returned with a soiled, crumpled paper bag.

Mr. Sanders reached for it, and withdrew from its depths a very flimsy, gaudy, much-beflowered bonnet, which would have suited a girl of sixteen, and said, as he handed it to his wife: "Here, Mandy, it's for you; you allus looked so pretty in them kind o' things when you was a girl. Now don't you worry, Ma, the Lord will——"

The sentence was never finished. His widow fell on her knees beside the sofa, sobbing and kissing his poor hands, just as the rain began coming in a steady down-pour.

THE LADY WITH THE WATERFALL.

A VIRGINIA BEAUTY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

By Anita Fitch.

With Pictures by W. Glackens.

IT was in the Forty-second Street Park that I met and knew her. I had strolled in one early summer morning, and found her seated upon a bench near the reservoir, her delicate old hands filled with leafy green—plainly a stolen spray from a neighboring bough—which she held with the grace of one accustomed to bouquets.

She was shabbily dressed, in a ridiculous old fashion of long-ago days; but I knew

that when she was young she had been blonde and beautiful. Indeed, she was beautiful still, with her strangely fresh blue eyes, and that subtle something that defies time (I was never quite satisfied with my guesses of her age), like a tall lily that had withered without losing its fragrance. There was, too, something about her luminously aristocratic, and a gracious dignity; and in spite of her funny, almost ragged clothes—often not even over neat, alas!—her faded loveliness and high-bred manner carried the day, and I knew myself in the presence of a soul superior to earthly trifles.

But anything more wonderful than the old lady's costume I have never beheld off the stage. It marked an ancient period—the vast false *chignon*—the real old-time "waterfall"—the tiny bonnet, worn well over the forehead; the trailing gown, with its frills and "peplum"—all suggesting the remote and gilded day of the Grecian Bend. And she wielded a minute green parasol—the piteous, darned, and faded ghost of a parasol, still brave with a pinked frill, and bending modishly at the handle—with an art that made one forget that its blooming days were over.

In spite of her setting, grotesque for any other woman, she made an elegant picture in walking. She held her skirt straight up in front in the old-time way, an airy pinch between the thumb and forefinger, and kept a splendid lift of the head and chest; and at a little distance, when you could not see the poor makeshifts of poverty, or the shadow, light though it was, Time had left upon her beauty, she was like a fair lady upon some antiquated valentine, who, for a moment, had stepped from her filigree page to astonish a hurrying world with her sweet, deliberate graces.

I sat down beside her, for I could not resist the temptation, and after a moment we entered into conversation. It was pleasant, she remarked, for ladies who had nothing to do to come and sit in the park in the morning. I don't remember what followed this speech, but in a little while I had gathered from the delicate inflections of her voice that she was Southern, and that poverty was no bar to her genteel idleness. She did not speak of her affairs or of her abiding place, but prattled daintily of the summer birds, and of the first spring leaves, and of the sudden sweet scents that came even to this flowerless city oasis, "as if from a hidden garden."

In time, for I met her many times before the fatal day that separated us forever, I grew to know that she was full of these pretty fancies, and that she saw only the beautiful side of life; and she could never have fully realized that her estate in life had fallen, for she spoke with the easy splendor of one who still rode in carriages, and took her airings about her private domain, instead of upon a wooden bench in a city park.

One day I discovered that my contemptuous view of the other loungers of the spot awoke in her a pained wonder. They all knew her by sight; and from the handsome, gloomy-looking young man who read an endless newspaper upon the next bench, down to the handless old pencil-woman at the gate, they greeted her comings and goings with respectful obeisance.

With the gloomy young man the old lady had a speaking acquaintance. I had idly christened him Mr. Roads, eliminating the current and insulting prefix "Dusty" out of consideration for her feelings; and observing the coquettish grace with which she thanked him for occasional small services, that sudden radiation the soft woman has forever for the betrousered animal, I felt in her a vast and beautiful tenderness for the stronger sex, and loved her for the sweet weakness that had outlived so many years and cruel changes.

For that my lady with the waterfall had been a person of consequence in her time, I did not for a moment doubt. But as time went on and she spoke no word of that past, the glorious past I had given her, nor even honored me with the confidence of her name or the title of her birth-place, and closed every loophole for inquiry with a wickedly stubborn delicacy for my affairs, I confess to having cherished a mean impatience that one day burst its bounds in this blatant fashion:

"I am a Virginian," I said—for no reason at all that I can now remember—"and I am proud of it."

That this would prove a home thrust I did not for a moment doubt, for I knew my own Virginia accent too well to be misled in placing her. But I was unprepared for the change, like a sudden blight, that fell upon her joyous being.

"I am a Virginian, too," she said, after a moment, in a thin, strange, cold voice I had never heard before. "But—" and one of her little, pitiful, elegant hands (the years had so gently touched it!) went to her throat with a choking gesture.

Some time in that scented, befrilled long ago she so faithfully reflected, my sweet old

butterfly had received a mortal wound. She could still smile, but nevermore could she speak of Virginia; and so I placed Virginia upon the shelf of tabooed subjects, along with death, the mere mention of which gave her a frozen displeasure, and made a vow then and there not even to wonder about her again if I could help it.

The waterfall lady was a delightful companion, and, after this brief trembling at the precipice, our friendship ran on smooth tracks, under blue skies. Every morning for weeks I sought her at her bench, at first inventing excuses for my going, but at last going as a matter of course.

MR. ROADS.

As usual, a little stubby about the face and sinister in raiment."

In this way I came to know her dainty tastes, and that she had been educated in the good old way, with a little bit of every ladylike accomplishment, and not too much of any one. She could sing; her favorite song was a venerable ballad, much in favor with young ladies of forty years ago, called "The Blue Juniata"—she pronounced it *jew-knee-ah-ta*—and she proudly told that she made her own gowns, which, though always of the style of the same far back period (for her Time must have stood still), were of different colors and materials—dark for morning, light for afternoon—and, with their comical pretension, were so numerous that I saw she must have been something of a Lady Brummel in her day.

But though her gowns were an evident and dear delight to her, and I could see that she would not for worlds have parted with her long topaz "eardrops," plainly the bulk of her woman's vanity had been invested in her waterfall.

It was speakingly false in its blonde freshness next the rest of her poor, pretty, gray-streaked hair; but it was always in such immaculate condition, the fat puffs so smooth and glossy and round under the new silken nets, that I could not believe it was always the same waterfall. It seemed to me she must have quite a drawerful of the wonderful things, and I hoped that the hairdresser with whom she must spend much of her small substance was moderate in his charges, for I could not bear to think he might take advantage of her.

One day—if I had smiled about her before, how much have I not sighed since!—I stumbled upon the secret of my old lady's life. It was my birthday, and to celebrate the occasion I had planned a modest dinner at a simple restaurant nearby, with my fascinating park acquaintance as sole guest.

With this secret intention—for I contemptibly felt that my invitation must depend largely upon the lady's costume, which was sometimes too picturesque for even my unconventional taste—I mentioned only the fact that it was my birthday, and expressed a desire to see her again in the park late in the afternoon.

When I arrived at five, she was already at our bench. And that she had attired herself in her bravest finery in my honor, I could see from the gate.

She advanced to meet me as I entered, with airy kisses of the hand and merry beckonings of her little green parasol; and—oh, sweet dead days of "illusion" and moss-rose buds! though one might tremble a little for its effect upon the vulgar, uninitiated mind—never was seen a more gracious vision!

A delicate shimmer of apple-green and yellowed white silk surrounded her in flowing sleeves, and a voluminous skirt that I knew had been born to spread its splendors over a hoop.

With this magnificence a real lace bertha and all the old-fashioned trinkets she was never without—the swinging topaz eardrops; the thin neck-chain, with its endless array of charms; the ring whose vanished gems had been replaced with sets of red sealing-wax; and the hair bracelet upon her beautiful left wrist.

As we met, she brought with her a faint atmosphere of dead roses and musk and patchouli.

And then I saw the brown time-spots on her finery, the heavy creases and straining seams, for the wasp waist-line of youth was scarcely sufficiently generous for the proportions of forty years later; and recognized with a throb, somehow inexplicably poignant, that this adorable and sad old frock was no modern effort, designed after ancient memories, but precious millinery, preserved by some tender miracle, that had come straight down from the distant day it represented.

That my old lady had anticipated my invitation, or some invitation, I could see in an instant. The glorious toilet was for me; her whole being radiated a holiday anticipation. And when, presently, with two kisses on the cheek and a pleading tenderness, she

"A DELICATE SHIMMER OF APPLE-GREEN AND YELLOWED WHITE SILK SURROUNDED HER."

pressed a book upon me as a birthday gift, one of those dear old blue-and-gold "Friendship's Offerings" read by young ladies in the 'fifties, I hated myself that I had held my invitation back at the notion of her costume, and resolved upon a choicer restaurant, with as much of a festival as my fortunes would allow.

She fluttered and flushed with a girlish excitement as I laid the evening programme before her. Then, since it was not yet time for dinner, it was suggested we "walk up and down" a moment in the park, exercise was so good for the appetite; though an earnest warning followed that we keep watch upon the hour and not get to the restaurant too late. We must have a little quiet table to ourselves so that we could talk, and time to decorate it with flowers—birthdays were not birthdays without flowers, and they were *so* cheap on Sixth Avenue.

"*Quelle heure est-il, monsieur?*" she inquired suddenly of the shabby Mr. Roads, in her pretty, halting French; it being the habit of the pair, who certainly had their share of lower world realities, to interchange almost entirely in this glittering language of courts.

We had stopped at Mr. Roads's bench, where, intrenched behind the inevitable newspaper, sat the gentleman as usual, and as usual a little stubby about the face and sinister in raiment; but with this dangerous external leaning toward trampdom gloriously offset by his look of superb health and comely youth. His handsome eyes flashed a sulky pleasure at the old lady's notice, and the big fellow bounded respectfully to his feet to answer.

"*Cinq heures et demie.* No, *madame*, I do not think it will rain."

So, with a "*Merci, monsieur,*" that was as tender as a pat upon his tousled head, off we set upon our promenade, the lady warning me in anxious whispers that I was not to consider *him* any ordinary sitter upon benches.

Indeed, Mr. Roads was a young man of unusual parts, I was given to understand. But he was at present under a cloud with his family, his pride was of the fiercest, and she thought she would offer him a little coaching with his French.

"It would be so useful for him to speak it correctly, you know. It might help him to get a position."

And this when Mr. Roads's French was almost indecently good, and the old lady owned a wonderful pronunciation, darlingly foolish, and tangled her verbs in a way to tickle the ribald heart with joy!

Up and down the footpath in front of our bench we walked for a long time, my companion the object of much wondering admiration. The very glass of antiquated fashion, she moved in the serene belief of the elegant fitness of her toilet, a faint tea-rose flush of triumph outblushing her dust of rouge; for she painted, she did—hers had been the day when rouge-pots were no disgrace—but she painted with a sublime discretion.

The closing day lent a softness to her faded folderols; and so tall and gracious and sweet was she, so singularly slender and youthful for her age, she had besides a maidenly air that convinced me she had never married.

She confessed, with a momentary droop, that she had lived long alone in New York. And with a swelling tenderness, as I listened to her unworldly prattle, I walked beside her as proudly as if she were some lovely and dear relative, one thought holding me with its growing attractiveness, that after this intimate and to-be-remembered day we could no longer be strangers.

And then it was, with my whole being breathing nothing but tenderness for the gracious old gentlewoman, not three hours later, that my ruthless hand tore open afresh the wound of her life, and thrust her broken and fearing me—fearing but not hating me; oh, no, not hating me; there was no place for hate in that flower-sweet soul—thrust her back into the crushing loneliness that only too well I know now had been hers ere we had met.

Alas, why is it that such little things turn the current for unalterable moments! Why was it that a foolishly sweet old book and a stupid girl came together, and, bridging the desolate years, were the instruments of fate to break once more a helpless butterfly upon the wheel?

It was nine o'clock when the thing happened. Let me tell it as it was.

We had dined gayly at the brightly lighted restaurant, and toasted our President and ourselves with bubbling champagne—her delicately racy *trinquer* with me, the "*a noter santy,*" were sufficient rewards for the extravagance—and gone back to the park for a brief airing with almost dancing steps.

During the dinner my blue-and-gold birthday book had claimed much of my delighted attention, and it was with an exquisite appreciation that, over the coffee, I listened to the old lady's pretty school-girl rendering of

a favorite poem, bearing the stately title of "Memory's Shrine." I can scarcely tell why it was, but the sentimental last line of this poem,

"As I was, remember me,"

fell upon my ear with seductive enchainment. I felt it would be a quaint dedicatory motto for my book. And with the notion of any sort of an inscription—an inscription that she must write—came the hope that I should at last learn her name and more about her. For up to this moment, though we had foregathered at the park near two months now, and had at last drunk from the loving-cup of tender friendship, we were still unknown to each other by title, and her place of residence was still to me a mystery.

Once back in the haunt that knew us, and the moment seeming propitious, my pencil appeared and I ordered her to write. A swinging electric globe nearby supplied the necessary illumination, and by its light I could see Mr. Roads, a lonely figure, where we had left him, upon his bench, as if he had not dined at all.

"*As I was, remember me,*" I saw my old lady trace in a delicate, old-fashioned handwriting upon the blank leaf of my book.

"WE HAD DINED GAYLY."

"And now the date, and my name, Katherine Brice," I commanded quickly, and was vaguely conscious that under the rim of his dingy derby hat, tilted villainously forward, Mr. Roads's dark eyes were closely observing our every movement.

She stopped to comment on my name. It was "pretty" and suited me; and then underneath it wrote "from." I waited in a delicious flutter of speculation as to whether her own name would suit her as well as everything else about her did, and hoped, with

an inconsequent distaste, that it might not prove Amelia.

Then I saw her write "Evelina," and a shock of recollection went through me.

"Evelina!" I exclaimed, all uncaring of the fact that her pencil had moved on to trace another title. "Evelina! How curious!"

For with the suddenness of lightning a long-closed door had opened in my memory, and there came back a period of my childhood, when, with my impressionable imagination fed by a bitter tale, I was influenced to fear and abominate an unknown woman who had borne this old novel-name, and who, long ere my eyes had seen the light, had brought woe unto my kindred.

I told her the story, and as I look back upon it I wonder that I could have been so blind.

But, to my fanciful picturing, the woman I had been taught to hate and dread in my child days had been as dark as devils were, and clothed in flaming scarlets. Now, with that childhood and its influences all behind me, with the story almost forgot for want of telling, I still saw her the same. How was I to know that this fair, blonde old woman, so exquisitely tender for all, was the same cruel Evelina Drury for whose cold sake my mother's dearest brother, Ernest Hamilton, had fought a duel and perished, forty years before, in far-off Virginia?

I forgot that she herself was Virginian, that she had a secret of her own, and that death was a tabooed subject.

I forgot everything but that I had a good story to tell, and that of all New York, perhaps, she was the one listener who could best appreciate it. For I knew that she must have been of the pompous time of my Uncle Ernest, when a Southern gentleman's ruffled dignity could only be smoothed by blood, and a duel before breakfast was scarcely a more remarkable occurrence than a canter on horseback. So I told her the story to its last detail, with as many flourishes as I could remember, to give it color, and putting my love-sick, duel-slain uncle before her as I knew him from the family portrait—a dashing figure in the tight blue coat so elegantly slim at the waist, as the dandy fashion of the period demanded, with the flashing dark face propped by a tall, pointed collar, and framed in black Byron locks. Against a curtain of crimson velvet he was pictured standing in a consciously graceful attitude, one well-shaped foot advanced, good shoulders back, a gloved hand resting upon the hip, and its fine bared mate, wearing a dazzling ring, posed lightly upon the knob of a slender sword-cane.

To my childish eyes this ill-fated relative had seemed a glorious lover, and I could never fully understand why the difficult Evelina had given him the mitten; for after untold coquetries in my uncle's direction, it was her sudden favoring of his rival, Godfrey Bullock, it was claimed, that had brought the duel about.

These two had been the chosen beaux of all that long-ago Virginia time. And the belle and toast of three broad Southern States, the mirror of fashion and envy of her sex, was Evelina Drury; one dowered as richly by Fortune as by Nature, but with a heart as hard, I had been taught to believe, as her body was soft and beautiful.

It was vowed that it had required death to open her eyes to her choice; for when that chill November morning, half-crazed by grief, and their own worship for her turned to sudden hate, the two avenging younger brothers carried Ernest Hamilton, stark in death and terribly beautiful, to the Drurys' door, and laying him at the feet of the proud daughter of that house, faced her with his murder, with one cry she kissed his cold lips and fell senseless upon his breast; and then all that Southern world had known that love had come at last, too late, to cold Evelina Drury.

All this I related again that modern birthday night, in a city where romance seemed to have but little part, but with the drear of its rushing life forgotten in the imposing sorrows of my family legend. And I think I must have told the story well; for aside from its romantic fascination, the influence of that distant duel had been a vivid and terrifying one upon my early childhood. Family feuds of intensest bitterness had followed upon its heels, and lived through generations. And though the stimulus for the desperate act (at last I know the innocent stimulus) had with her single parent, General Drury, disappeared at once from Virginia, and up to my last hearing of the story not been heard of since (by my family, at least), in their infantile prayers my mother's children, born years after that autumn morning tragedy, nightly uttered the name of Evelina Drury with bated breath, as protection was implored against her blight for the remaining bachelors of our blood.

Even this idiotic detail I repeated. And I added, laughing, for somehow these child prayers, told off with such deadly earnest-

ness against the unknown sinner, always came back to me with delightful appreciation:

"Think of praying solemnly every night, even after I was sent to school, and away from old Bina's influence, who had taught us—she had been my mother's and Uncle Ernest's nurse as well, and he was the apple of her eye—'*God keep my Uncle Jack and my Uncle George from Evelina Drury.*' Think how invincible she must have been.

"Old Bina vowed that her soul was as black as Satan's, yet they called her 'Fair Evelina,' 'Sweet Evelina'!"

And then something in my listener's attitude—a stricken stillness—arrested my attention, and, looking into her white face, in one awed moment I knew the truth.

Exiled and alone in the alien land, old and poor, but still rare and conquering in her dimmed plumage, the belle of long-ago Virginia sat beside me—she who had been the toast of three broad Southern States, she for whom men had died.

All the glory of her state departed, she was still a queen upon the dusty park bench; and I could fancy, as I looked at her, what a whet she had been in her blooming youth to hot-headed youths fiercely jealous of her smiles. I knew, too, in a flash, with that conviction of the soul that flouts at testimony, that the pride and envy of that old-time Virginia had not been the heartless siren my grieving kindred had made her, but just a sweetly silly girl, a tender enchantress, who could not entirely leave any suffering swain without hope.

All this I saw, and one other thing—a look upon her face as fixed and unrelated as Destiny's, and as hopeless. I was not to be left long in doubt as to its meaning.

With her old grace, but with a terrifying ceremony of manner, she thanked me for the pleasure my society had given her. "Oh, how much pleasure" she could never tell me. And in the same cold, strange, artificial little voice, my wondering ears soon heard her imploring my forgiveness—my forgiveness, dear Heaven!—that she had forced me to break bread with her, her the enemy of my house, my *born* enemy!

"Ah," she sighed here, with that breathless movement of her small hand at the throat I had before called forth, "if only I had known who you were, nothing on earth would have made me do it."

No word of reproach did she speak for the dead Hamiltons, who had heaped her name with blame and her memory with venom. No slur did she cast upon the one who must mix a lady's name with pistoling, and whose dead kiss had driven her like one hunted from her own land, with a dowry of bitterest maidenhood; for afterwards, on the spotted blank leaf of my old "Friendship's Offering," where she had written it that night, I read in

"THE LAST I EVER SAW OF MY OLD BEAUTY"

full the name of her youth, and could not help believing that it had been for the sake of the dead duellist that it was never changed. No displeasure for me even. Only that one thing that I read in her strange words, in her frozen countenance, in her blue eyes, wide with a wild dread of me—a sea without bounds rolled between her and me.

At last I comprehended, and ceased to implore her; for I saw that I was pleading with one who could not understand, and that the dreadful blunder I had made in telling her the story was not the thing that stood between us. It was the old feeling of my family, the hatred that for forty years had divided her and hers and all those of my blood, the Hamilton-Drury feud; and without ever having known hate herself, after forty years she still bowed to hating ideals. Ah, whatever might be the bitter consequences, she must walk in the bitterer way she had known so long! The sacred dignity of that solemn thing, the feud, must be left undefiled!

She arose to depart, and somewhat comforted by a faint inclination to shake her for the fantastic etiquette I could not at all appreciate—what was a painted duellist to me now compared to her living charm!—I swallowed the rising salt of my misery and bowed in silence to her decree.

"Miss Brice, believe me, it is best we meet no more," she said, with a plaintive solemnity that was yet a command. "Miss Brice, I bid you good-night;" and still trembling visibly, tragically white under her dust of rouge—how it tore me to see it at that moment!—with her wide skirt held out, she swept me a low courtesy, a salutation so coldly ceremonious, so sadly unrelated to the dear kinsfolk's moments we had known together, that in spite of myself, and all unschooled in these stately politenesses, I was forced to my feet to return in the best fashion at my command.

She turned and moved away with the wonderfully youthful carriage that had always bewitched me. Through my tears, too, for I could not bear to lose her, I saw that in spite of her misery she held her skirt straight up in front in the pretty old airy way.

Then all at once her fineries were huddled close about her in a delicious feminine concern for their safety. But even as I trembled for the precious antiquities, she was joined by a rushing figure, evidently equally solicitous for their welfare, the handsome Mr. Roads, with his clumsy gallantries and his big umbrella, a cheerless property without which he rarely appeared at the park; for suddenly the storm that for hours had been threatening, and for several seconds announcing its coming with fierce windy gusts, had burst upon the park in wild dashes of rain.

This was the last I ever saw of my old beauty, as she departed that night on Mr. Roads's arm, under dripping skies and a piteously disgraceful umbrella.

As she went, my thought flew back to my dead and once worshiped kinsman in a fierce reproach. His moment of manly folly had brought the gentleman swift peace; but for the sin of having been born soft and beautiful, this still sweet and delicately faded Evelina (who at ninety, maybe, would still cherish beaux and fineries) had for twoscore years, uncomplaining and in desolate exile, reaped the bitter harvest that folly had sown. If in that long ago she had been at all to blame, had she not atoned?

At the park gate the departing pair hesitated for a moment, as if searching for near shelter from the sudden tempest.

Then, with the bumpy umbrella breasted against the wind, a lightning flash, and a last silhouette of grace and bygone fashion—a silhouette of clinging femininity; and back into the shadow from which she had for a moment emerged went the belle of old Virginia.

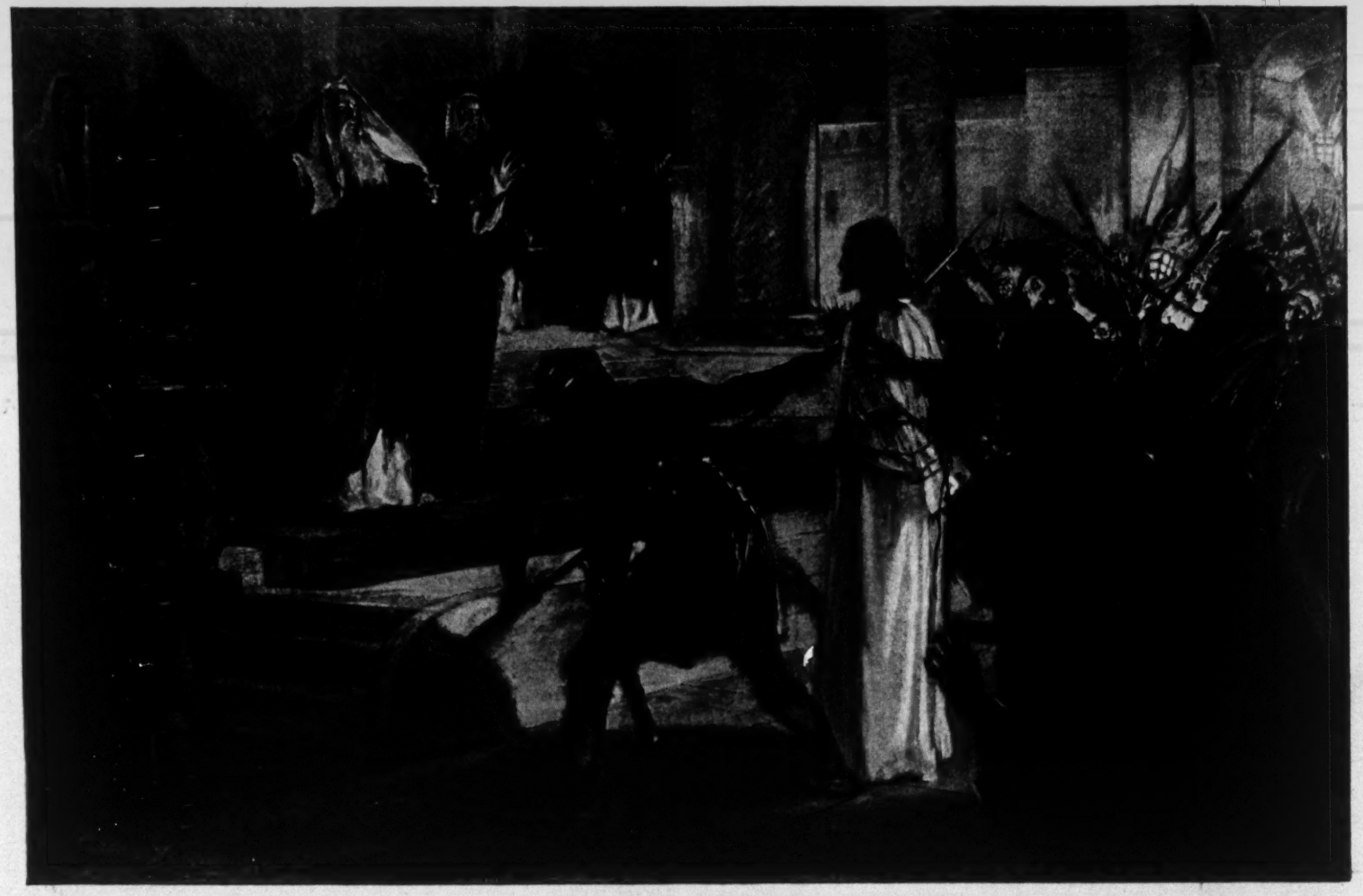
And He was withdrawn from them (the disciples) about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed. . . . And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him.—LUKE, xxii. 41-43.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.

PART X.—JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.—BEFORE PONTIUS PILATE.

IT would be with a sense of relief that Jesus accepted arrest and stood a prisoner before the supreme court of His nation. His relations with the ruling class had been strained from the beginning of his public ministry, and during the last year they had become unbearable. For a public teacher the most unkindly atmosphere is one of suspicion and prejudice; the most genial is one of candor and sympathy. It was fast becoming impossible for Jesus to preach the Gospel with abandonment of mind, because it was imperative for Him to defend Himself against outrageous charges and poisonous insinuations. Within the arena of open debate Jesus had met and worsted His opponents at every turn; but this had only fed their hatred. His moral victories had de-



JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

The high priest . . . said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: . . . Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? . . . What think ye? They answered, . . . He is guilty of death. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him.—MATT. XXVI. 63–67.

livered His soul; they had condemned His life. There was no use in delaying the final issue; the rulers had completed their plans; He had placed Himself in their grasp; let Him be tried for His life according to law. He did not, in the state of feeling, expect justice; He was prepared for the Cross; He only had one desire—that the end should not tarry. "What thou doest," He said to Judas, with a touch of impatience, "do quickly." And then Judas left to fire the mine.

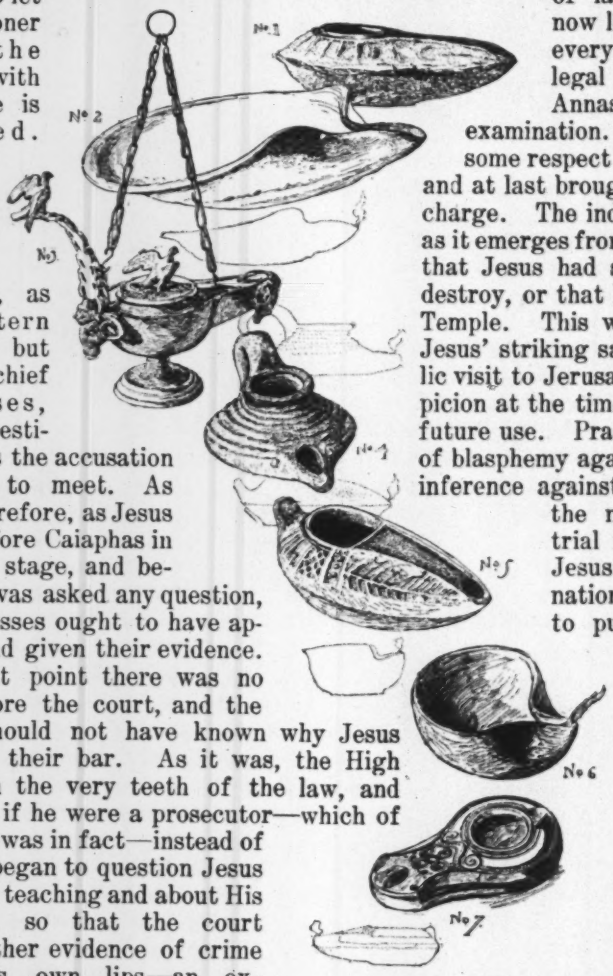
Whatever may have been the fanaticism of the Jewish character, the spirit of Jewish law was merciful in the extreme. Under no system has there been a more conscious desire to guard the rights of a prisoner or to allow him opportunities for escape. As regards his own evidence, and the testimony of the witnesses, and the time of the trial, and the action of the judges, the accused had every advantage. It is not vain prophecy to say that if the processes of law had been observed, Jesus would have been acquitted. There are occasions, however, when passion can be restrained by no form, and the Council were determined that by fair means or foul Jesus should die. It does seem true, as theology has suggested, that this Man was the innocent substitute for other men's sins, for every arrangement of justice was upturned in His case, and He, who was the most innocent of men, was treated as the most guilty. The trial of Jesus was, from beginning to end, a travesty of justice; and although it may be granted that our Master was a heretic according to the Jewish creed, as far as law went His was a judicial assassination.

The sustained course of injustice began with His arrest, which was accomplished with every circumstance of treachery and violence in the Garden of Gethsemane by a band composed partly of Roman soldiers, partly of Temple servants. There were only two circumstances in which an accused person could be arrested before his trial in Jewish practice—if it was supposed that he would escape, or that he would offer resistance. As the Council was perfectly aware, neither alternative applied to Jesus. Instead of showing any desire to evade their authority, He had come up to the capital and practically presented Himself for arrest, and the only danger of tumult among the people lay in the violence of the Council. If Jesus was simply summoned to appear and to defend His teaching before the Council, He would certainly not refuse, and His followers, from certain past collisions, had no reason to fear the result. The midnight arrest, planned with so much cunning and treachery, was a gross mistake, because it was a flagrant illegality and a wanton indignity. Jesus would allow no resistance to be offered. He checked Peter's folly instantly, for this would have put Him in the wrong and justified their action; and He protested, with indignation, against their conduct. "Was He a common criminal and a mere brigand, that they should come out against Him with swords and staves?" His captors were not, however, in a mood to listen to any protest, and, going to the extreme of illegality, they led Jesus away bound.

As they had arrested Jesus with force, they were under the deeper obligation to bring Him to a regular trial without delay; but their next proceeding was to take Jesus not to the Sanhedrin, which was a competent court, but to the palace of Annas, who was not even a magistrate. No doubt there was a strong reason for haling Jesus before this man, and no doubt he was anxious to examine Jesus. Years ago Annas had been himself High Priest, and was removed from office by the Roman authorities for his arrogance. Although a private person, he was the acting head of the priestly party, a man of enormous wealth, crafty ability, and unscrupulous character—the type of a successful, influential ecclesiastic of the highest rank. It may be assumed that the final plot against Jesus was hatched in that palace, and that the strong will of Annas stiffened the courage of the Council. Jesus would be perfectly aware that He was face to face with His most dangerous and powerful enemy, and He would also know that, as an ex-High Priest, Annas had in his own person no judicial position. One may therefore be certain that the first examination of the Master, which by an ambiguity in the narration might have taken place before either Annas or Caiaphas, did not take place before Annas. Very likely the old priest was content to study Jesus, and did not care to ask Him questions. As soon as his curiosity was satisfied Jesus was removed to the palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest of the day and Annas' son-in-law, where a legal court was waiting to receive the case. So it remains that before Jesus' trial began He had been twice wronged, once by His arrest, and a second time by being taken to a private house that He might be exhibited to a disgraced and wire-pulling ecclesiastic.

The court before whom Jesus appeared

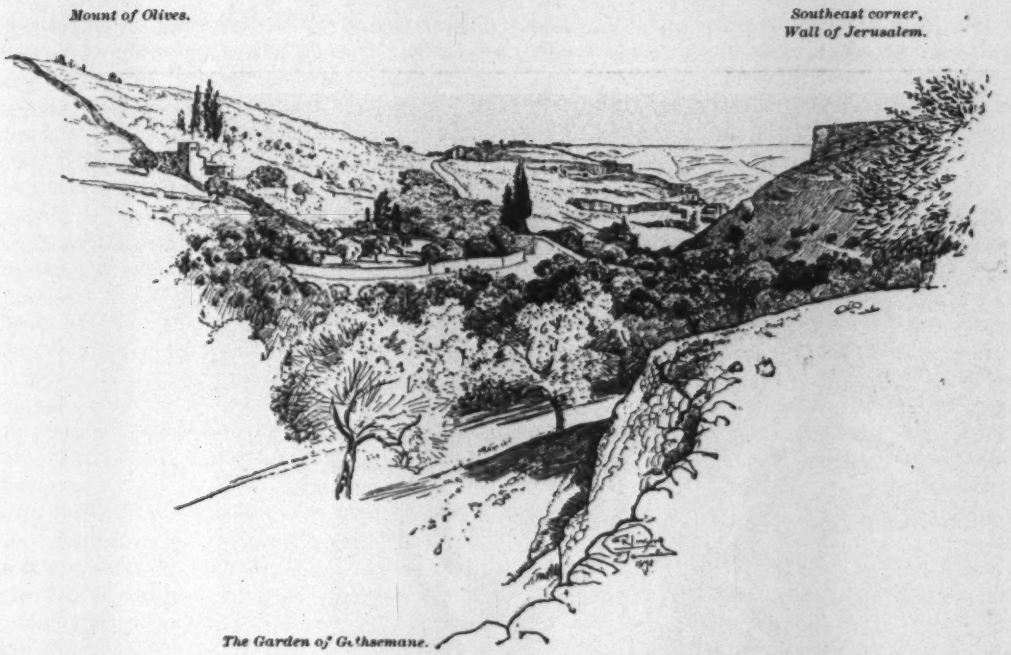
for His first examination, and which might be called a court of the first instance, was a committee of the Sanhedrin, meeting under the presidency of the High Priest. Its duty was to conduct the preliminary examination, and, in case of presumptive guilt, to send the accused to the full Sanhedrin for final examination and sentence. No objection could be taken to the judicial body before whom Jesus now stood, but the gravest objection is to be taken at once to their procedure. According to Jewish law—and it is also in accordance with justice—the first step is to let the prisoner know the crime with which he is charged. With the Jews this was done not by an indictment, as in western custom, but by the chief witnesses, whose testimony was the accusation he had to meet. As soon, therefore, as Jesus stood before Caiaphas in this first stage, and before He was asked any question, the witnesses ought to have appeared and given their evidence. Until that point there was no case before the court, and the judges should not have known why Jesus stood at their bar. As it was, the High Priest, in the very teeth of the law, and acting as if he were a prosecutor—which of course he was in fact—instead of a judge, began to question Jesus about His teaching and about His followers, so that the court might gather evidence of crime from His own lips—an extremely convenient and simple method of managing a case, and one which might be very successful with a timid and conscience-stricken prisoner. Jesus was neither, and He at once refused to be witness as well as accused, and reminded His judges that they were violating the clearest provisions of the law. He had not been a crafty conspirator, forming a secret society and teaching secret doctrine. On the contrary, He had taught in public places, as they knew, and discussed His message openly with the people. Why did they ask Him questions? why did they not ask those who had heard Him? Here was the third illegality—to begin a trial without a charge, and then to endeavor to create a charge from the prisoner's lips.



NATIVE LAMPS.

The Oriental has never possessed adequate means of illumination. The feeble glimmer of an oil taper, or a twisted wick of wool floating in oil, has been to this day the Easterner's source of artificial light. Of the lamps shown in the drawing, No. 1 is said, from its decoration, to be early Christian; No. 2, although found in an old tomb, is similar to No. 6, which is in modern use; No. 5 is Jewish; and No. 7, Greek. Excepting No. 3, the Roman bronze, all are of clay or terra cotta.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

If Jesus' enemies had imagined that they could play fast and loose with the regulations of law unchallenged, they had now learned their mistake, for at every step Jesus had gained a legal victory—at His arrest, in Annas' palace, in the attempted examination. They were concussed into some respect for their own jurisprudence, and at last brought forward witnesses and a charge. The indictment, to take that first, as it emerges from the evidence, came to this, that Jesus had said, either that He would destroy, or that He was able to destroy, the Temple. This was a perversion of one of Jesus' striking sayings during His first public visit to Jerusalem, which had excited suspicion at the time, and had been laid up for future use. Practically it came to a charge of blasphemy against the Holy Place, and by inference against the worship and creed of the nation. As a ground for trial it was quite fair, since if Jesus had wantonly attacked the national institutions He was liable to punishment, but everything depended on the witnesses. And the witnesses against Jesus were worse than useless for two damning reasons. One was that, while it is an elementary condition of justice that there should be no collusion between the witnesses and the judges, those witnesses were notoriously arranged for and suborned by the judges, and the other was that they had learned their lesson so ill that they contradicted one another after a flagrant fashion, and their testimony could not be accepted even by this partial court. As the wit-



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT.

nesses had obliterated one another, there was no charge against Jesus, and He ought to have been declared innocent and set free. As it was, He was kept bound till a meeting of the full Sanhedrin could be called in the early morning, and He be placed again on trial. Two more illegalities were now added to the list—the tampering with witnesses, and the imprisonment of an acquitted man.

The daylight was breaking when Jesus was brought for the first and last time before the Seventy, who, with the High Priest as president, made the supreme court of the nation, and the final stage of this momentous trial began. One expects some respect for law now, and some decency in proceedings, but Jesus fared as ill in the Sanhedrin as in its committee. After some irregular examination and some open insults, the High Priest arose in his place and solemnly charged Jesus to declare whether He were the Messiah, the Son of the Blessed. The former charge of blasphemy against the Temple had disappeared, and a new one had been sprung on the prisoner; and in spite of the provision in Jewish law that no accused person should be invited to incriminate himself, the chief judge put this leading question to Jesus. The Master might have objected and kept silence; but with a court set on injustice, and thirsting for His blood, what purpose would be served by appeals to justice? Standing in face of the heads of the Jewish people a bound prisoner, He declared that He was the Christ, and that His judges of to-day, now vaunting themselves in their power, would see Him sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven. A paroxysm of fury seized the court, the High Priest rent his clothes, and the Sanhedrin condemned Jesus to death for the highest form of blasphemy.

Still faithful at every turn to their principle of injustice, the court, in their final decision, accomplished two more violations of law. They found Jesus guilty of death for a crime which did not exist—claiming to be the Messiah; and they did not try Him for the crime they intended—claiming to be the Messiah and being an impostor. It was a satire on all the past history of the Jews that the Messiah could now never be accepted, since as soon as He declared Himself, He would be put to death without more ado, as happened to the real Messiah. They also began the trial at night, which, in a case so serious, was illegal, and they concluded it on the day before the Sabbath, which was illegal, and they passed sentence without adjourning four-and-twenty hours, which was illegal. In their frantic haste to secure the death of Jesus, the chief council of His nation trampled under foot every safeguard afforded to the humblest criminal, and carried the death of Jesus with enthusiastic acclamation. It was the exposure and con-

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

My kingdom is not of this world: . . . for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.—JOHN, xviii. 36–37.

demnation of the rulers of the Jewish nation. For about three years the Master had taught and lived the gospel of the Divine Love among this people, with the result that the Jewish Church would have dealt more kindly with Him if He had been a highway robber or a religious hypocrite. So fierce was the hatred of goodness among the priests: so unreasoning was the fear of reality among the Pharisees. The verdict on Jesus was the victory of the ecclesiastical and dogmatic spirit at its worst.

When the supreme court of the Jewish people tried Jesus and found Him guilty of blasphemy, the Sanhedrin had done its utmost, but the persecutors of Jesus were still far short of their end. Prejudiced and venal judges might override every form of Jewish law; but one thing they could not do, and that was to put Him to death. As soon as the Jewish judges had finished they had the prisoner conveyed to the Roman Procurator, and they accompanied him in force lest their illegal verdict should be overruled, and, after all their endeavors, Jesus should escape.

Pontius Pilate, as the representative of the Emperor, had imperial authority in his province, subject always to the appeal to Rome; but this authority he was obliged to use in accordance with the policy of his state. The Romans, with much wisdom, were accustomed to allow to every conquered nation as much liberty as might be consistent with the absolute supremacy of Rome, and to interfere as little as possible with local affairs. Unto each people was granted the use of their own religion and their own laws, with only this condition in the matter of religion—that they should not interfere with any other; and this restriction in law—that the power of life and death should remain with the Roman official. As a rule, the Romans were strongly disinclined to meddle with religious squabbles, but they were very sensitive to the slightest suggestion of treason against the Emperor. When the Jews brought Jesus to the bar of Pilate, their danger was, that he would refuse to have anything to do with a point of theology, and their final cue was to convince the Roman judge that Jesus had been fostering a revolution against the government.

What, however, they hoped was, that the Procurator, busied about many things at that season and disinclined to have any controversy with the nation assembled for Passover, would be content with the acknowledgment of his authority, and ratify any sentence they might have passed. It is suggested by the circumstance of the Jews presenting Jesus without any accusation that Pilate took a very formal view of his duties, and did not trouble himself to inquire into cases. They forgot that there was a difference between Barabbas and Jesus. To-day the Jews found Pilate in another mood. With the instinct of a judge he compared the noble face of the prisoner and the evil countenances of the priests, whose chiefs he knew well and did not respect. It was evident to any person that this was no bandit or common malefactor whom they had hauled to the judgment-seat, and that their eagerness was rather an outburst of fanaticism than the passion for justice. Pilate must go to the bottom of this matter, as he was a Roman and Procurator of Judæa, and he demanded to know the charge against the prisoner.

This unexpected curiosity of Pilate was a distinct check to Jesus' persecutors, who had hoped to pass their case through the Roman court without investigation. They were annoyed as Jews, because Pilate had asserted his latent authority with emphasis in face of the public; they were embarrassed as pleaders, because they were perfectly aware that the charge on which they had condemned Jesus in the lower court would not serve their turn here. If Jesus had spoken disrespectfully of the Temple, which they knew He had not, it would be rather a certificate of common sense to Pilate; and if they urged Jesus' assertion of Messiahship, the Roman would not know what they said. They were not ready with the other charge on the instant, and lost their tempers—not for the first time in this case. Were they going to be questioned and called to account at every turn? Was it any pleasure to them to visit Pilate's court? "If He were not a malefactor," they answered sullenly, "we would not have delivered Him unto thee."

When Pilate received this discourteous reply, he understood the situation, and knew that he was master. It was, as he suspected, a conspiracy of those tricky, unscrupulous, revengeful priests, and he was to be the tool to do their behest. This victim of theirs was a Jew of nobler character with whom they had quarrelled about religion, and to please their spite Roman law was to put Him to death without trial. Let them understand that even a Jewish provincial had a right to better treatment. Without fair trial Pilate would not condemn Jesus,

and without a charge he could not try Him, and so it would be best for the priests, he suggested with grim suavity, and it would also save all friction, that they should take Jesus away and try Him according to their own law. As if they had not done so, as if Pilate did not know they had, as if their difficulty was not to judge Jesus, but to get Jesus crucified. With much bitterness they confessed their desire, and acknowledged Pilate's authority. Did he think that they would have brought their prisoner to him if they could have managed their own business? "It is not lawful for us," they said bitterly, "to put any man to death."

OLD CAPITAL—FRAGMENT AT CAPERNAUM.

By this time they were ready with a charge which Pilate would understand without any difficulty, and which would surely remove his scruples. Once again His prosecutors changed the ground of guilt, and now they betook themselves to straightforward and unjustified falsehood. A few days ago the Herodians had laid the trap of treason for Jesus, with their question about paying tribute to Cæsar, and Jesus had put them and the Pharisees who inspired them to confusion. They did not ask the question now: they boldly made the assertion. What mattered it that Jesus had been careful never to say one word against the Romans? that He had cast His shield over the tax-gatherers? that His whole teaching had been against revolution? It was expedient that this man should die, or else the nation would be destroyed—it was His death in the end which did destroy the nation—and so it did not matter much what was the accusation so long as it secured the crucifixion. This is His crime: "He has been inciting the people not to give tribute to Cæsar, and claiming Himself to be a king."

Pilate may have been contemptuous and unprincipled; the whole incident shows that he was not stupid, but that he had a very shrewd insight. Had Jesus been one of the zealots, who were ready to rise at any time against the Roman legions and to reduce society to anarchy, Pilate would have identified him at a glance and taken sharp measures. Only it would not have been the Jews who would have been the prosecutors. This poor man, in His peasant dress, and with His gracious face, may have been an offender against some absurd Jewish law, but He was no revolutionary against the Romans. Pilate took Jesus apart, and with a certain not unkindly irony, asked whether He was the King of the Jews. And Jesus, who would hardly answer His own Council in their insolence and hypocrisy, was candid to the Roman magistrate; who was not His enemy, who was rather His friend. "In the sense in which you and these priests would understand the word I am not a king; I have no soldiers, and no sword must be used for Me; the Emperor need have no fear of Me. In another sense I am a King with a Kingdom which will be far wider than the Roman Empire. My Kingdom is not that of the sword, but of truth; and I reign not over men's bodies, but over men's souls." As Pilate looked on this calm, beautiful enthusiast, with his unworldly hopes and spiritual dreams, the futility of life came upon the cynical Roman. "What is truth?" said Pilate, and he did not wait for any answer—what use was it?—but he returned to the Jews and declared that he could find no fault in Jesus.

It was a just judgment, worthy of the Empire and the law which the Procurator represented. It must ever remain a satisfaction to the disciples of Jesus that our Master received one honest trial in His life, and was declared innocent before the highest tribunal of earth. If Pilate had only stood fast in his integrity, and given effect to his sentence! But he was not trying an ordinary prisoner, and before him lay the keenest ordeal. At his decision the storm burst forth of disappointment, malice, insolence, anger, and it beat furiously on Pilate's judgment-seat, so that he was shaken, and, hesitating, lost his opportunity. As he sought for a way of escape, his ear caught the word Galilean, and Pilate conceived an adroit stroke of policy. He would send this embarrassing prisoner to Herod, Jesus' own monarch, for trial; thus at once conciliating the Tetrarch, and ridding himself of Jesus. Herod was much pleased with this courtesy, and was anxious to see Jesus do miracles; but the fox was too cunning to undertake a

trial, so Jesus was cast back on Pilate—flung from one to the other as an offense whom generations to come would welcome as their Saviour.

Pilate, whose nerve was rapidly departing, now tried one expedient after another to save Jesus without risk to himself, for the personality of our Master cast a spell over him, and his wife's dreams had increased his awe. He would scourge Jesus, as a warning to this harmless enthusiast not to meddle with dangerous affairs, and let Him go, but this concession of injustice would not satisfy instead of the Cross. He would offer them the choice of a prisoner as an act of grace, either Barabbas, a famous bandit, a Rob Roy and Robin Hood kind of person, or Jesus of Nazareth; and he supposed that for very shame even the priests would have taken Jesus, but they simply clutched at Barabbas. As for Jesus, He must be crucified. Then Pilate washed his hands in token that he would take no responsibility for what was to follow, and, going from one injustice to another, he gave Jesus to his brutal soldiery to be scourged, and afterwards—a pitiful device—he brought out the bleeding victim, and let the people see the gentlest of prophets and most gracious of benefactors with the crown of jagged thorns on His head and the signs of unspeakable insult on His face. "Behold the Man!" Pilate said, with a mysterious emotion, in the vain hope that the heart of the people would be touched by the sight of outraged love; but the fanatics, unreasoning and implacable still, chanted their death song, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

As the Procurator stood irresolute, torn between justice and fear, he heard some voice, louder than the others, declaring that Jesus had claimed to be God, and the awfulness of Jesus deepened in his imagination. Once more Pilate led Jesus into the hall of judgment, and now he asked Him fearfully whether, indeed, He were divine. Jesus was silent. Could speech avail anything now with this temporizing, cowardly man? No answer; and Pilate, who was much shaken, lost patience. "Have I not power to set Thee free, or to condemn Thee to Calvary?" Jesus looked on this helpless shadow and semblance of a man who had not power enough to obey his conscience, or bid defiance to a crew of fanatics, and again the grace of Jesus overcame them, and He pitied His judge. He acknowledged the power of the state, as He had ever done, and honored civil authority—reminding Pilate that he was commissioned of the Eternal, and He apportioned the sin of His trial, with equal hand assigning the larger share to the Jew and not to the Roman. If the Romans were His executioners, they were unwilling. It was the Jews who hungered for Jesus' death. They, therefore, not Pilate, should have the blame. Once more Pilate pleaded for Jesus before he spoke the words which would send the Master to the Cross, and leave an indelible stain on Roman justice, "Behold your King!" and then the rage of the priests and the mob, which had been rising and swelling for three hours, broke all bounds; and they began to murmur with ominous suggestion: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Already, with the imagination of one conscious of many acts of injustice, Pilate saw himself accused to the moody and jealous tyrant who ruled the world, and to save himself he must sacrifice Jesus. After an agony of anxiety and the last degradation of self-respect, the priests had won, and the long feud of the Pharisees was satisfied. Pontius Pilate, at the bidding of Jesus' own nation, and with the full knowledge that Jesus was innocent, ordered the Master to be crucified.

One cannot bid good-bye to the judge of Jesus, to whom was given a solitary opportunity, and who misused it so miserably, without vain regret and a fond imagination. If the Procurator of Judæa had obeyed his own conscience, and vindicated the majesty of Roman law, if he had declared Jesus innocent from his judgment-seat, with authority, and rescued Him from the hands of His enemies, then he had gained unto himself everlasting renown. Jesus might afterwards have been stoned to death by a Jerusalem mob—very likely He would—and Pilate might have been recalled in disgrace to Rome; but the friends of the Master over all the world would have remembered with just pride that in the hour of His extremity Jesus found protection under the Roman eagles, and they would have placed the name of His brave, incorruptible judge next in order to the Holy Apostles.

(To be continued.)

"The crucible was outside the furnace, filling the . . . dim room with heat and light, like a new sun."

CASTING A GREAT LENS.

A NEW VENTURE IN PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

With Illustrations from Drawings made on the spot by George Varian.

IT had just turned afternoon in the furnace house of the glass works of Jena. For upward of two hours everything had been in readiness for the casting of the great lens, everything except the glass. The Master had directed the placing of the huge circular iron mold near the open doorway and just between the two furnaces—the one from which now burst the fervid white radiance of the molten glass, and the one in which through weeks of lessening heat the lens, when cast, was to be cooled and toughened and tempered. The mold was a meter and a quarter in diameter—over four feet—and the lens here to be cast would make one of the largest in the world, large enough to bring the moon within a few score of miles of the earth, and one so perfect, perhaps, as to surprise new secrets from the sun itself.

Making Crucibles.

The Master had sprinkled the bottom of the mold with fine sand from a curious tin pot, that the hot glass might not take up impurities from the iron. A dozen brawny workmen, in blue blouses and wooden-soled shoes, had come in to man the long, wheel-mounted tongs which were to drag the crucible from the furnace bed. Other workmen with sledges and bars had torn a gaping hole in the front of the cooling furnace, so that it would be ready for the instant admission of the lens.

So everything was ready. The Master, shading his face with his upraised arm, peered into the "glory" hole of the melting furnace, as he had been doing with ever greater frequency for hours past. He watched for a moment the shimmering, wrinkled surface of the molten glass within the crucible, and then he followed the movements of the stirring lever. Was the color exactly right? Did the sluggish waves which followed the stirring plunger show thick or thin enough?

At last the time came. The Master gave the word, and a dozen men sprang forward with hooks and bars. The "glory" hole was hardly larger than a man's head—just sufficient for the passage of the stirring lever

and to permit examination. With this as a beginning, the workmen tore out the whole front of the furnace, working with the utmost activity, their heelless shoes clattering on the stone floor as they rushed back and forth. The stirring lever was dismantled, and the stirring plunger itself, white-hot and sparkling with the dust that fell upon it, was cast outside, where it lay, a deep wine-red, in the sunshine.

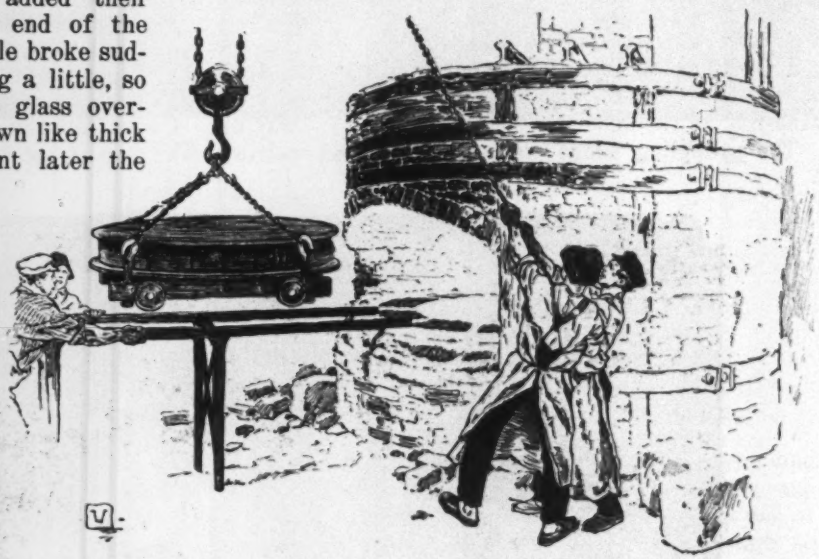
The grappling tongs were thick bars of steel about thirty feet long, mounted on iron wheels. As soon as the furnace was open, the grappling ends were thrust inside, one on each side of the crucible, the men at the other end leaning back with heads averted to avoid the fervid outburst of heat.

Although the novice could not see it because of the brightness of the glow, there was a thick ridge around the crucible, about halfway up. Under this the tongs fitted themselves. The men at the other end bore down

THE CRITICAL POINT.

"There is . . . a quick upward swing of the foreman's arm, and out from the crucible slips the molten glass. . . . There is something indescribable about the fluidity of this mass. It seems thick, like oil, and yet it spreads more swiftly than water."

hard, but the crucible did not stir. It was firmly fastened to the furnace floor by the glass that had spilled in the melting. It was an anxious moment. Crucibles have been broken in lifting. The Master raised his hand. Slowly the men added their weight at the far end of the lever. The crucible broke suddenly free, jogging a little, so that a bit of the glass overflowed and ran down like thick syrup. An instant later the crucible was outside the furnace, filling the whole of the high dim room with heat and light, like a new sun. And thus it was pushed down the room toward the mold, a thing of exquisite beauty, and yet of terror, showing a hundred evanescent colors, changing red, pink, yellow, violet.



AT THE COOLING FURNACE.

"The mold, with the glowing lens inside, was . . . lifted with chain tackle to the height of the furnace floor. A movable-frame tramway was then placed underneath it, and it was quickly pushed into the furnace."

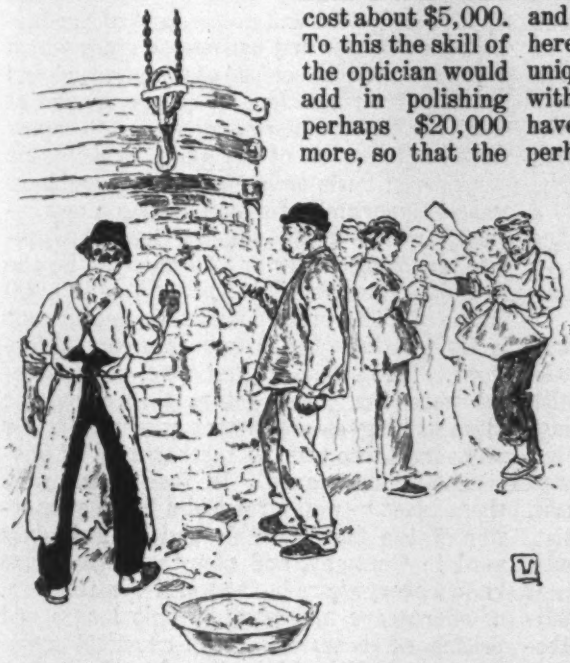
The crucible was lowered to the floor, the tongs were removed, and a workman cast a beard of asbestos over the glass to prevent too rapid cooling. Here it stood a few minutes, and when the crucible began to define itself, one discovered that it was made of fine yellow-glazed pottery. Imperfections on its surface stood out like specks on a mirror, or as one would imagine the spots on the sun.

It had required long hours for a man to fashion the clay of this crucible, and many weeks for it to dry, and then for days before it was used it had been slowly heated to prepare it for the high temperature of the furnace. And with this single melting its service is finished and it is consigned to the scrap heap.

Three men with thickly gloved hands are now fastening an iron band around the crucible just under the ridge. On each side of this band there is a protruding pivot of steel which fits into a socket in the ends of the grappling tongs, thus permitting the crucible to be tipped up as if on an axle. Again the men rest their weight on the other end of the tongs, the crucible is lifted, and an instant later it is poised over the iron mold. The critical point of all this labor has at last been reached. There is a pause as if the workmen felt the anxiety of the moment. The foreman, with his hand ready on the tilting lever, awaits the Master's word. There is a shout, a quick upward swing of the foreman's arm, and out from the crucible slips the molten glass. It has been a moment of so much stress that one anticipates a crash as the glass touches the cool iron of the mold, but there is absolute silence—not so much as a hiss or the sound of the splash. There is something indescribable about the fluidity of this mass. It seems thick, like oil, and yet it spreads more swiftly than water: it is more like quicksilver than anything else that one can think of, and yet not at all like quicksilver.

The mold, with the glowing lens inside, was now covered with a plate of iron, wheeled to the mouth of the cooling furnace, and lifted with chain tackle to the height of the furnace floor. A movable-frame tramway was then placed undereath it, and it was quickly pushed into the furnace. Workmen were ready with brick and mortar, and in ten minutes the lens was walled in. Here it is cooled for two weeks, and then brought again to the open air, dull and milky of surface and possessing only the general shape of a lens. After that, for days and weeks, workmen are employed in polishing it, not to give it the final form which it will have in the great telescope, but merely to prepare it for that important and anxious day when it will be submitted to those searching tests

for imperfections, during which it must pass even the close scrutiny of microscopic and spectroscopic examination. A few bubbles it may have and pass, for bubbles have no effect, except to reduce the passage of light in a minute degree; but veins, denoting the improper mixture of the ingredients of the glass, it must not have. If it passes all the tests—and sometimes it requires many castings and costs many rejected lenses of this most precious of glass before the necessary perfection is attained—it is again sent to the furnace house, where with even greater care than before it is slowly raised to a high temperature, and thus annealed, and then as slowly cooled for two months or more. After that it is ready for the lens-maker proper, that skilled mechanician and mathematician of Jena or of America or of France, who polishes down its sides with infinite care, until they reach the most perfect curves appropriate to the refraction and dispersion of the glass disks employed. Each of these processes has absorbed precious time and has cost much money: the bare glass for such a lens would cost about $5,000. To this the skill of the optician would add in polishing perhaps $20,000 more, so that the finished lens, ready for fitting into the telescope tube, would represent an expenditure of some $25,000. Through such pains and expense as this must science pass that mankind may add a few facts to its knowledge of some distant star.



"Workmen were ready with brick and mortar, and in ten minutes the lens was walled in."

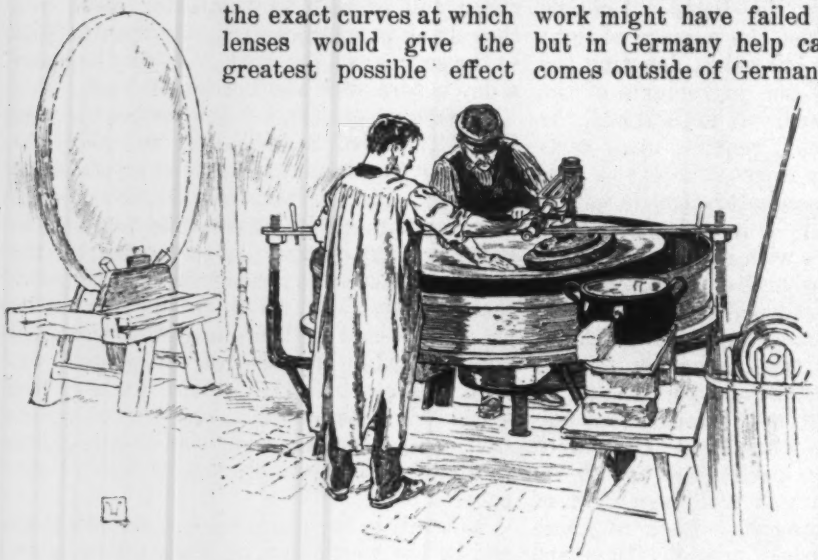
The German workmen are standing back from the cooling furnace, perspiring, the lens finally cast. A boy comes in with his apron full of beer, a bottle for each, and they drink in characteristic German fashion to the success of the work. It may be many a day before such another lens is cast.

The quaint old city of Jena in the German Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar is chiefly famous for three things. It has an unfading claim on history because Napoleon once marched through its streets and won a celebrated victory on the hills to the north—the battle of Jena—and in the present it is known the world over for its university and for its glass and lenses. There are glass works, if not lens manufactories, of far greater extent in America and in other parts of the world than these of Jena, and yet Jena glass and Jena lenses have their own unique claims to distinction, especially among men of science.

Not only in their processes of manufacture and in the perfection of their products are these works famous, but the management of their business affairs furnishes a most unique and fascinating study in social economy, for here the dream of an idealist has been given unique and wonderfully practical application, with the result that the workingmen of Jena have opportunities and rewards unequalled, perhaps, anywhere else in the world. And curiously enough, owing to the modesty of the originator of this scheme for the elevation of the workingmen and for the advancement of science, very little has ever been published about it, and nothing in English so far as I can learn. With German conservatism, Professor Abbe has desired to give his experiment the test of years before recommending it by a formally published account.

For many reasons it is not probable that such institutions as these—for in reality they partake as much of the character of public institutions as of regular business enterprises—could have originated in America. They would seem to be a product typically German, a result in part of what may be called the German scientific temperament, and in part of the wave of commercial expansion now sweeping over Germany. Many years ago Professor Abbe, who then, as now, filled the chair of applied mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy in the University of Jena, became deeply interested in lenses and lens-making.

He had seen the defects of the lenses in use for astronomical and microscopical work, and he set himself to establish by purely mathematical calculation the exact curves at which lenses would give the greatest possible effect with regard to the refraction and dispersion of the light which passed through them. In other words, he sought to form a new and scientific theory for making lenses. He then interested himself in the modest lens works of Carl Zeiss, of Jena, and here he had lenses made according to exact scientific methods. Before his time lens-making was largely a matter of experience and experiment on the part of highly skilled workmen. Professor Abbe succeeded in laying down exact mathematical formulæ.



"For days and weeks workmen are employed in polishing it."

But it was not long before he discovered that a complete revolution in glass-making was necessary in order to accomplish the great results at which he was aiming. The task seemed to be insurmountable, but it did not daunt him. His first step was to interest Dr. Schott, of Witten, in the work. Dr. Schott was not only a thorough scientist, especially in chemistry, but he possessed a technical knowledge of glass-making, as it was then conducted. In 1881 the first smelting experiments were made in a small laboratory erected in Jena for that purpose. There was a deliberate plan on the part of the two scientists to solve by scientific methods the difficult problems of glass-making, though they involved not only the most advanced optical research, but the most difficult chemical and technical manipulations.

Almost at once they began to get promising results, and after two years they were prepared to carry on their experiments on a larger scale, but this they did not have the means to do. In America or in England the work might have failed just at this point, but in Germany help came as help rarely comes outside of Germany. Professor Abbe laid his results before the Prussian government, showed what had been done, and what needed to be done, and the wide-reaching effect which favorable results might have in every department of science—the possibility of making microscopes, telescopes, and photographic lenses of hitherto unequaled definition and power, and of producing thermometer and barometer glass which might advance the science of temperature and pressure determination. The government at once felt the commercial appeal. Germany must needs buy all of her glass for scientific purposes in Paris or in Manchester, and here was an opportunity for building up a new industry which would employ German workmen and bring money into Germany. So the Prussian Government appropriated 30,000 marks ($7,500) in 1883, and the same amount in 1884, to have the experiments carried forward. At the end of that time, so successful were the investigators that a regular glass-making establishment was well under way, and there was no further need of governmental assistance. In four years' time these glass works furnished a large proportion of the fine scientific and optical glass used in Germany, and now their wares are known everywhere in the world—in the form of microscope and photographic lenses and prisms, of thermometers, of chemical apparatus, and of the highest grades of commercial glass. This little story is especially interesting as showing why Germany is making such extraordinary strides in commercial affairs. Out of science, assisted by the state, has sprung a new and profitable industry.

In all, over one hundred new kinds of glass

were originated and are now manufactured at the Jena glass works. In former times glass was composed almost entirely of the silicates, potassium, lead, soda, and lime, and there were, roughly speaking, only two varieties: the old-fashioned standard crown glass and flint glass. Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott used no fewer than twenty-eight new substances in glass-making: phosphorus, borax, magnesium, zinc, cadmium, bismuth, iron, mercury, antimony, tin, and others. Each of these substances has its own peculiar effect in the refraction and dispersion of light, and in doing away with or lessening what is known as the secondary spectrum. Much of the glass thus produced has been ground into lenses at the Carl Zeiss Works, and the resulting microscopes give a new impetus to every department of science which has to do with minute forms of matter or of life. It would have been impossible for Dr. Koch and other great contemporary investigators in bacteriology, for instance, to have made the astonishing additions to our knowledge of the life of microbes and bacteria had not Professor Abbe first produced a perfect or nearly perfect instrument for examining those low forms of life. In all of his published reports Dr. Koch as well as other scientists give Professor Abbe a large share of the credit for these profoundly important discoveries in connection with the germ theory. In the same way the Jena microscopes have done wonders in the hands of such men as Haeckel in laying bare the wonderful life processes of the lowest forms of plant and animal existence, in tracing the development of each, and in forming the great chain of proof of the theory of evolution. In the same way our present minute knowledge of embryology and the growing mastery of the details of that marvelous machine, the human body, are due to the efforts of that modest, hard-working professor of Jena.

PROFESSOR ERNST ABBE,
UNIVERSITY OF JENA.
From a photograph by Braunlich.

The achievement of the investigators lay not so much in producing microscope and telescope lenses of higher magnifying power —that service science did not need—but in so perfecting the lenses that the image would be clear and clean-cut, or, in the words of the science, "in securing perfect definition." A microscope which magnifies 4,000 times and produces such a blurred image of a cell that the investigator cannot tell whether or not it contains a nucleus, is not as valuable to science as one that magnifies 500 times and brings out every minute detail distinctly and sharply. And that is also just the distinction between a good and a poor photographic or telescope lens. Professor Abbe also introduced the system of "oil immersion" and other great microscope improvements. Indeed, he may be justly called "the father of the modern microscope."

From the investigations thus begun in a laboratory by Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott have sprung two great manufacturing plants, separate and yet allied, neither of which is able to keep up with the present demand for its product. We visited the Schott Works on the hill above Jena, where all the new varieties of glass are made, and afterwards at the Carl Zeiss Optical Works we saw this glass ground and polished with infinite care and precision into lenses and prisms.

In the manufacture of optical glass for the microscope lenses—I have already described the processes of making a great telescope lens—the constituents of the glass are mixed with great care under the supervision of expert chemists, then the heating and stirring goes forward for several days, until the glass is hardly thicker than water and thoroughly mixed. After that it is taken from the furnace and allowed to cool in the crucible. Of course it cracks into hundreds of pieces, some large and some small. These pieces are carefully assorted, and all the imperfections chipped off—we

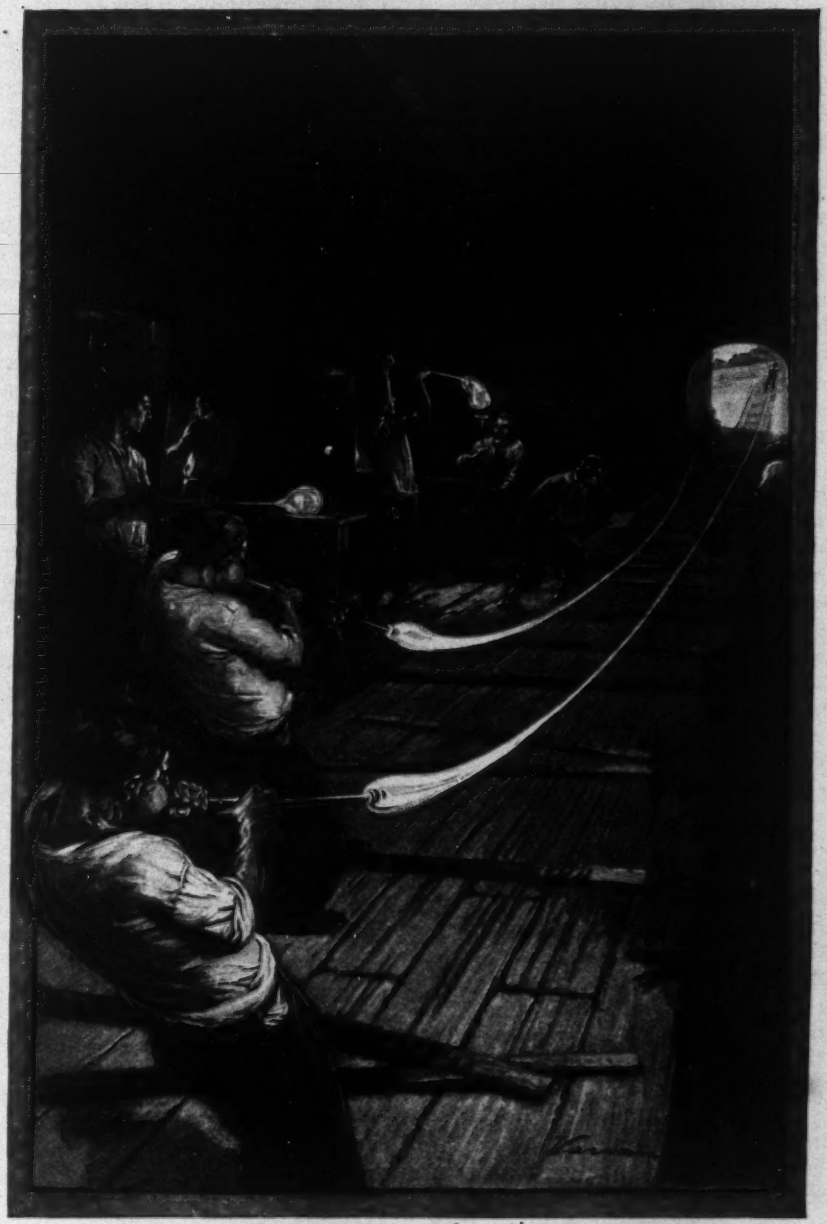
saw two men, their eyes protected by goggles, employed with hammers at this work. It is interesting, and significant of the care required in these processes, that in spite of experience and the closest attention, more than one-fifth of all the glass melted is regularly rejected owing to imperfections. These pieces of glass are now placed in a square clay mold or *chamotte* of just the size that the future rough lens block is to be. Then it is set aside in a furnace, where for a month or six weeks it is slowly heated until it softens down and fills the mold; then it is as slowly cooled. It comes out looking like a rough block of sanded glass. The polishers now rub down two of the sides, until they are perfectly clear and bright, so that one may look straight through the block and make the closest examination for flaws. The best of this glass is as beautifully clear as a jewel. There are a great variety of shades, from purest white to the deep yellow of the heavy lead glasses, the prices of some of the glass reaching as much as $20 a pound. At the lens manufactory this glass is ground into lenses and prisms of every conceivable size and form, some lenses being not larger than a pin-head and as costly almost as a diamond of the same weight. Great skill is required in this work, because an error of more than one ten-thousandth of a millimeter in the curve of a lens makes it unsuitable for use in the highest grade of instruments.

Another picturesque feature of the glass works is the great corridor where the thermometer tubes are blown and drawn.

In the early days of its work the Reichsanstalt (with the governmental normal-measure commission) joined with Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott in trying to produce more perfect glass for use in making thermometers, the glass formerly used being subject to the influence of heat and cold. The result has brought all the world to Germany for high-grade scientific thermometers.

We saw this glass in process of manufacture. A boy workman caught a bit of molten glass from the furnace on the end of a blow-pipe. It was hardly larger than a walnut, but by twirling and blowing and molding, it grew to the size of an orange, with the shape of an acorn. More glass was then added, and there was more rolling and blowing, and when the proper stage was reached the blow-pipe was passed quickly to the brawny master workman. He in his turn added glass, blowing from time to time with cheeks outpuffed until it seemed as though they must burst, and then rolling the great ball of glass on his iron kneading board until it looked like a huge yellow gourd. Faster and faster he worked, keeping the ball always symmetrical, and yet white-hot. At length he lifted the glowing mass quickly in the air, and a second workman attached his blow-pipe to the bottom. Then the two men ran in opposite directions, twirling the pipes and blowing lustily from time to time. From a thick, portly yellow globe the glass thinned out quickly as the men ran apart, until it became a dull red tube not larger than a man's little finger, and nearly 300 feet long. Sometimes in drawing these tubes one of the blowers would not only run the length of the corridor, but far outside on the hill. And that is the way a thermometer tube is blown and drawn. It requires only a moment in cooling, and then it is broken up into short lengths and sent to the ovens for tempering and annealing. In these rooms also are

In the Jena Glass Works. Blowing Chemical Glass.



Blowing and Drawing Thermometer Tubes—the Most Perfect in the World.

blown the finest glass for chemical apparatus, for incandescent-gaslight chimneys—30,000 of these per day—and for other purposes requiring high-grade glass.

Both of these business institutions, founded on scientific investigation, still continue their scientific work. The lens manufactory has no fewer than twenty scientists on its staff, and the glass works has five, all thoroughly schooled investigators and mostly university doctors. These men devote their entire time and attention to experimenting along chemical, optical, mathematical, and technical lines, seeking to discover new processes and establish new principles which will be of value in the business. In this way the whole institution is kept on a thoroughly scientific basis and in the foremost van of progress. This idea of a scientific staff for a business institution has its most perfect development in Germany. Indeed, science lies at the root of some of the most progressive and profitable business enterprises in the empire.

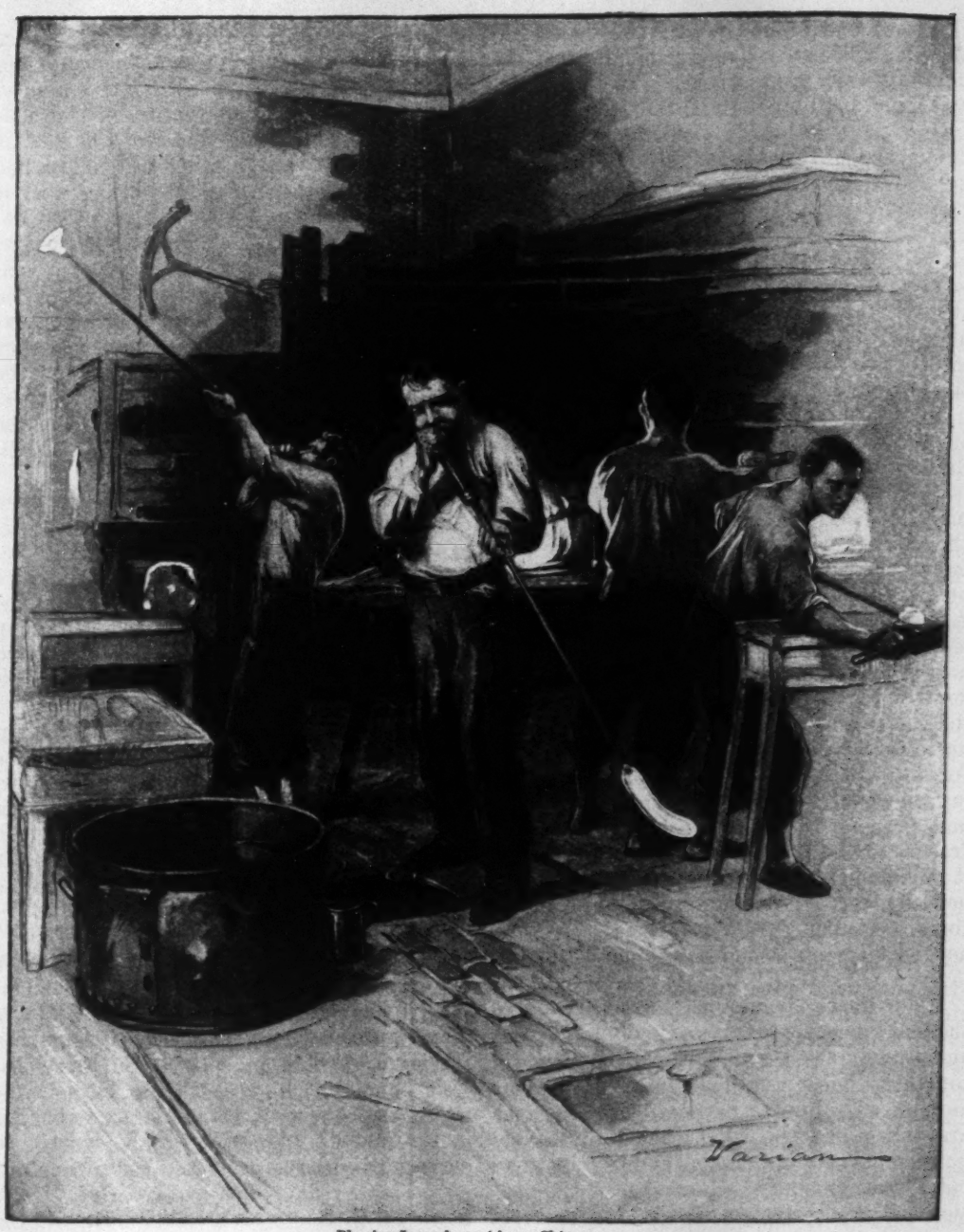
The lens manufactory, especially, has its

own unique methods of doing business. A large telescope is looked upon as an artist would look upon his newest picture. It must be as perfect as it can be made, time and cost of materials notwithstanding, and when it is finished it is billed on the basis of its cost. Cheap instruments are made to provide work and training for the younger and less experienced workmen. And yet so great is the demand for the fine products of the factory that it cannot be supplied. Curiously enough, also, no patents are taken on instruments and processes, like microscopes and microscope attachments, which are used solely for the advancement of science, the men behind this unique institution having their hearts too deeply set on the advancement of human knowledge to hinder it by monopolies. The product of high-grade microscopes alone at this factory is over 1,800 a year, and each microscope comprises the work in some detail of over fifty men.

And now I come to what is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of all in these astonishing business enterprises, the feature which makes the lens manufactory in particular really more of a public institution than an enterprise for private gain.

Professor Abbe lives just across the street from the huge buildings of the lens manufactory. His home is a little one-and-a-half-story building, old-fashioned and German-like. It is thickly surrounded with trees and shrubs, and laid out with flower beds. At the time I saw it the lilacs were in full bloom, and the fragrance, drifting across the street, filled the rooms where the glass polishers bent low to their work. Here Professor Abbe has worked year by year, in his favorite fields of optics, mathematics, social economy, invention; and although now well along in years, he is not lacking in his zest for new and more difficult problems. Every summer he takes a short vacation in Switzerland, where the people of the village at which he stays know him merely as "the German professor." Thus quietly he has lived, watching the factories rise around him and win him a fortune. From the first he was deeply interested in the welfare of the workingman—an interest hardly second to his love for science—and out of this interest grew the Carl Zeiss Stiftung (Institution), named from his friend, Carl Zeiss, which now controls the entire lens manufactory with its 1,200 or more workmen and owns a half interest in the glass works with its 400 workmen.

The Stiftung is unique among institutions. It is the creation of a law of which Professor Abbe was the author, and it is in the nature of a corporation under state control. To this Stiftung Professor Abbe turned over all his interest in both of the great plants at Jena, retaining only a directorship. A commissioner of the grand duchy visits the works every week and assists the local directors in carrying out the tenets of the law. The purpose of the Stiftung is two-fold. First, it provides for the comfort of the personnel of the works from the directors to the lowest apprentice boy, by means of a unique system of pensions, sick benefits, profit sharing, and educational advantages. Secondly, it provides for large contributions toward the advancement of science. No one connected with the institution receives any of the private profits of ownership. Professor Abbe himself receives merely the salary of a director, which, according to the law controlling the Stiftung, can never be more than ten times the average salary of the "standard" workman of the shop—the workman who is more than twenty-four years of age and for more than four years in the service of the firm. This standard workman now receives less than $500 a year. But Professor Abbe is entitled to a pension when he shall cease his active connection with the business, the same as every other employee. If it should be absolutely necessary to discharge a workman, he must not only be given due notice, but the Stiftung must pay him, if he has been employed for more than three years, a sum equal to his total wages for from six months to two years, according to the length of time he has been in the works. And after five years' service every workman who retires for age or invalidity receives a pension, or should he die, his family is pensioned. In this way he is absolutely secure in his work. The Stiftung sets aside a certain definite sum from its earnings every year, and this is so invested outside of the business that it will pay all pensions and discharge advances, thus making the pension system independent of the vicissitudes of the business, for even though the business failed, the money would be on hand to pay the regular pensions of old and faithful servants. Every workman is given a two weeks' vacation every year with pay for half of it, and he is also paid in full for all holidays except Sundays. Moreover, the whole lens manufactory, with Professor Abbe at its head, is like a great family. Every month a delegate from each of the departments, thirty in all, meets with the directors and dis-



Blowing Incandescent-lamp Chimneys.

cusses the conduct of the work. These delegates are never foremen, but represent the men themselves, and the suggestions they make are from their own point of view, not from that of the foreman. Last spring the subject of shorter hours of labor came up, a subject of which Professor Abbe and the other directors had already been thinking. The workmen delegates to the conference suggested eight and one-half hours a day: the directors promptly responded, "Why not try eight hours?" Every workman was questioned, and six-sevenths of them asserted that they could do as much work in eight hours, working faster, than they could in the longer day. Lens grinding is very confining work, especially fatiguing to the eyes, and even more so to the nerves. So on April 1, 1900, the experiment of an eight-hour day—a very great innovation in Germany—was begun.

If at the end of one year it is successful, the plan will be continued indefinitely. The hours of work are now from 7 to 11.30 A.M. and from 1.30 to 5 P.M., the long nooning giving the men ample time to go home to dinner and to rest thoroughly for the afternoon's work. Director Fischer informed me that the plan so far as it had been tried was a great success, fully as much work being accomplished in the short day as had hitherto been accomplished in the long day, and he thought that the work was of better quality, although the experiment had not then been in progress long enough to permit of positive assertions.

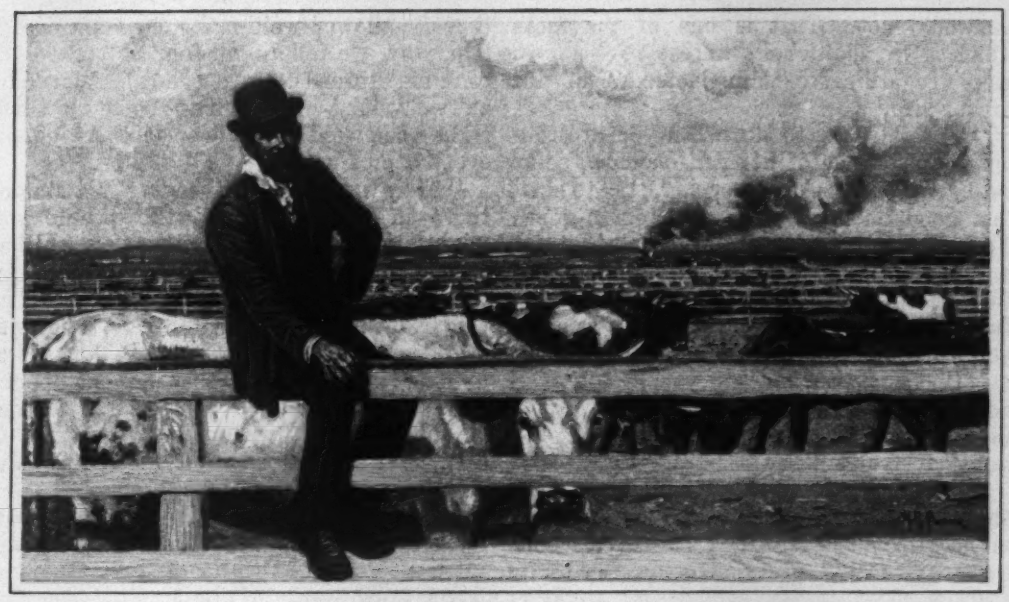
In addition to these advantages to the personnel within the works themselves, the Stiftung has spent large sums of money in other directions. I visited an extensive and highly popular free reading-room, said to be the largest institution of its kind in Germany, the Germans having always depended on the cafés for their periodical literature. A fine library building to contain a good collection of books as well as this reading-room is soon to be constructed. The Stiftung also contributes largely to the local hospitals that its workingmen may be cheaply treated; it has established special courses of instruction for its men in mathematics, physics, drawing, mechanics, and in the German, English, and French languages; it has instituted a free swimming bath in the Saale River; and it is helping to build walks and summer houses along the mountain-sides and in the forests around the town—those strolling and social spots which a German so dearly loves.

All of these advantages help to attract to the lens manufactory an unusually intelligent and productive class of workmen—and indeed for these fine operations great intelligence is required. So far as possible young men are taken and specially trained to the requirements of lens-making, and as they grow older, the cumulative advantages of the pension and profits system, as well as the short hours, tend to keep them where they are, even though tempted elsewhere by offers of higher wages.

These are by no means all the advantages which the Stiftung offers its workingmen, but they will suffice to indicate its purposes in this direction. In its other activities, science has already felt the influence of the Stiftung. It has established and equipped a fine astronomical observatory in the University of Jena, it has founded a new chair of mathematical physics, and will build a fine laboratory for experimental physics, and it is a large contributor yearly to other departments of investigation at the university. Nor are its interests confined alone to Jena, but extend to science in general, even to the considerable assistance of a recent Polar expedition. Such activities as these, and they are as much a part of the business of the Stiftung as the making of glass and lenses, seem odd enough as looked upon from the exceedingly practical point of view of ordinary business life.

The Stiftung has now been in existence nine years with great success. The profits of the business have been large, and its activities in science and in benevolence have been correspondingly large. It was the state that helped the work in the beginning by its liberal contributions of money, and enabled Professor Abbe and his associates to carry on their experiments, and now the German people, and, in fact, humanity in general, are reaping the reward. And in case the Stiftung should ever go out of business, for whatever reason, one-half of the proceeds remaining after the debts are paid will go to the city of Jena, to be used for the good of its inhabitants, and one-half to the University of Jena. Not a cent is reserved for private disposal.

Professor Abbe devotes most of his time to the working out of this great philanthropic idea. Anticipating, at the time he drew up the law governing the Stiftung, that forethought could not provide for every possible condition, he reserved to himself the right, until the year 1906, to make changes in the statute. In this way he is able to correct any errors or injustices as time and experience point them out. After 1906, however, there can be no more changes: the law will be absolute and perpetual, and as long as lenses are made at the Carl Zeiss Works, so long will its workmen enjoy advantages almost without equal anywhere in the world, and so long will science have a strong and faithful ally.



THE HORSE-THIEF.

HOW THE LIVE-STOCK EXPERT AND HIS PARTNER CAME TO LEAVE MONTANA.

By E. Hough,

Author of "The Story of the Cow-boy."

With Pictures by H. R. Poore.

YOU may see Dick Wilson almost any day at the Union Stock Yards. Every morning he climbs up on the fence near the car tracks, and sits looking out over the tossing sea of heads and horns and manes. You might mark the horseman in his attitude, for he sits the fence astride, as though he feared it might begin to pitch. As to his being a horse-thief, he does not look the part. He wears a "hard hat," and not a wide sombrero. His mustache is not dark and sweeping, but, on the contrary, stubby and hay-colored. His eye is not dark, furtive, and evasive; but open, blue, and direct. You would not call him a horse-thief, if only for the reason that you would feel sure he might resent with a certain asperity any suggestion to that effect.

Dick Wilson, in the language of the yards, "knows his business," and he is one of the most valued inspectors stationed there in the interests of the Western live-stock associations. These men of the yards are deeply versed in occult science. The buyer of hogs can place his hands upon the fair round back of any given swine, and forthwith tell you from what State it came, and whether it was fed upon corn or acorns. The inspector of horses and cattle can tell by a look at a roughened blotch of hair upon an animal's hide from what far-off chain of foot-hills and coulees it has come; for the map of the West, and the registered brands thereof, are written deeply upon his mind. The brands are the signs manual of the Medes and Persians; and if there are chirographic irregularities upon the parchment of a cow, who should be so quick to note and trace them as he who has in his time been Mede and Persian? Dick Wilson is now an inspector because he once was horse-thief. He is also one because he is perfectly honest. Your Kentucky single-footer would be quite safe with him; and so would your wife and family, your gold, your jewels. He would not steal, and every one knows that

he would not. That is one of the facts which give additional interest to his own story regarding certain incidents of his earlier life.

"The only way to do, when you are running off a bunch of horses," said he, as he sat upon his fence one morning, "is to start 'em good an' fast, an' keep 'em a-goin'. You ride just as far as you can, all that day an' all that night; ride till you can't go any further. Then git up an' ride twenty miles further yet. The fellers that's a-follerin' you will stop short of that last twenty miles, an' that's where you git your start. Of course, they've got a good deal of interest in them horses, an' in you, but they ain't got near as much as you have.

"The time me an' Jim Mulhally run off the bunch I was tellin' about, we was broke, an' had to make a raise. We figgered around quite a while before we decided where to start in. Of course, you've got to know where to start, and where you allow to come out. In them days there wasn't much wire fences an' you could ride most anywheres. The grangers hadn't come in much yet.

"Now, nobody but a horse-thief would just take the first bunch of horses he come acrost. Of course, Jim an' me, we didn't want to take no horses from anybody that needed them. But we finally located a new horse ranch up in Montanny, run by a couple of tenderfeet from Boston. Them fellers had a heap more horses than they needed, an' money that was scandalous. They was breedin' hackneys, or roadsters, or something of that sort, out in Montanny, allowin' they could sell 'em plenty down East. I reckon some of them horses was roadsters, too, before we got through with 'em.

"There was really four of us that started on this trip, me an' Jim an' Bill Waters an' Willie Anderson. Of course, we didn't act like fools, an' just go in there for a few days, an' then disappear, through a act of Providence, about the same time some feller's horses was a-disappearin' too. We was in that little town several weeks, an' Jim, he got hisself put up to be elected county assessor. We never did wait for the election, but we shore was leadin' citizens while we stayed there.

"I don't know how it is, but some way it seems like a feller may be square, an' all right, an' look like he has plenty of sense, yet every once in a while he'll turn loose an' do some fool thing or other that'll spoil every single chance he's got. It was a good deal that way with us. Just along about the time we allowed we'd make our start on our trip, why, we fellers, all four of us, we got to foolin' around down at the saloon one day, an' we wound up by gittin' some elevated, right when we'd ort to been sober as judges, every one of us.

"They was a sort of theayter just started there in that town, an' the people was mighty proud of this here theayter, an' had just got in a right strong actor outfit for to open up the place. These here folks, they had just come into town, an' they was a-goin' to start up that very night. It was us four leadin' citizens that kep the openin' from comin' off, an' I don't think we done right. Really, it was mostly the fault of Jim. He allowed he was assessor, or was due to be right soon, an' so he had some privileges. He allowed it would be about right for us to go up back of the stage an' git the clothes of them actor folks, they not havin' come down to the theayter yet that night for to begin actin'. We done so.

"I suppose maybe it was all right for Jim to dress up in them clothes, but I thought at the time he looked right singular as he rid down the street in the moonlight. We other fellers didn't dress up, but we each tied a bunch of them fancy clothes behind our saddles, some men's clothes, an' maybe some women's. We wasn't very particular.

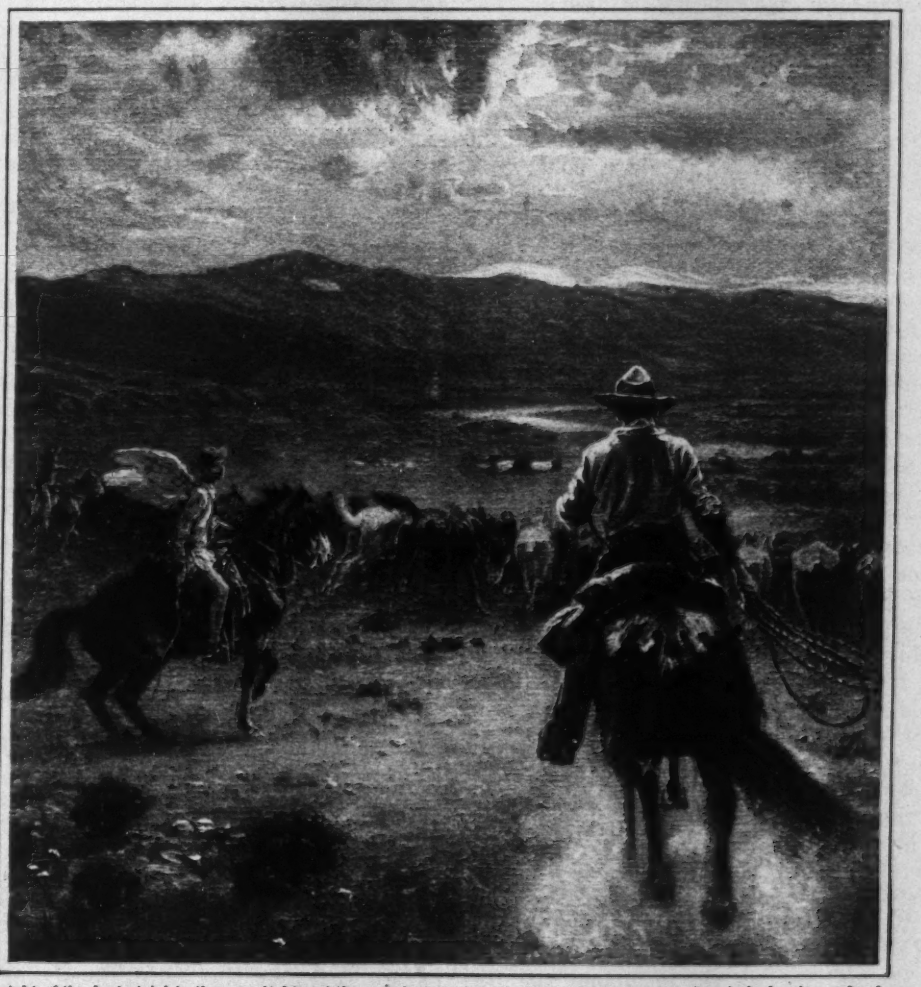
"We all rid out in the country a little ways, an' come together to sort of figger it over. Jim he said that if we was goin' to run off a bunch of horses, we might as well begin that night as any time, for we never would be fixed up any better than we was then. He said we could go disguised. I reckon maybe he'd read about such things somewhere; or it might have been just one of his jokes. He said he didn't believe they'd elect him assessor now, anyhow. They ain't so particular out there as they are here; but I never did think a county assessor, even in a cow town, ort to ride down the public street with a sort of gauze frill stickin' out around his saddle, an' a pair o' imitation wings growin' out of his back. 'Look at me,' says Jim; 'I'm Cupid. An' I allow I'm about the d—dest best Cupid that ever hit this range.' That ain't no way for a assessor to act, even allowin' Cupid ort to wear long-shanked spurs.

"Well, we rounded up the bunch we was after, somewhere long about midnight. They was 214 head in all, though some of 'em was mares an' colts we didn't have time to cut out. We headed 'em south, an' away we went, a-jumpin' an' a-flyin'. You talk about

cavalry! I jolly, I can see that now!" Dick half leaned forward and his hand gripped the fence rail.

"It was right bright moonlight when we started, an' we could see the whole bunch clear as day. Off on our right was the big 'em close an' kep 'em straightened out in front.

"The sight of the dust risin' in the moonlight, an' the sound of the feet of so many horses, put me in mind of a stampede of cows. Every once in a while I could hear



"The sight of the dust risin' in the moonlight, an' the sound of the feet of so many horses, put me in mind of a stampede of cows."

mountains, standin' up white an' sort of solemn-like. You know how them mountains makes a feller feel. Why, a feller couldn't do a low-down thing while the mountains was a-keepin' tab on him! We was just east of the foot-hills, in a wide sort of valley, an' the way we laid out to go was right down that valley, south of the Bear Paws, an' on across to the Bighorn Basin, where we thought we knew about what to do with our stock. We was in a hurry, of course, an' we had plenty to keep us busy. Willie an' Bill they kep 'em comin' from behind, an' Jim an' me bunched Willie an' Bill give a yell, an' then Jim would answer, an' I would see him edge a little further front on the point at his end of the herd. I could always see him easy, on account o' the light clothes he had on. He come over to me durin' the night, an' he says to me, 'Press where you see my white wings shine amid the thick of war!' Then he laughed. He was a funny sort of fellow; but he shore was a straight-up rider.

"I'm tellin' you, we only hit the trail in the high places that night. Along about daybreak the horses begun to tire a little. Willie an' Bill wanted to turn out an' sleep

a while, but me an' Jim knew that wouldn't do. We all roped fresh horses an' changed saddles, an' kep the bunch goin' till noon. Some of the colts had dropped out before that, an' a good many of the mares was hard to handle, but we must have had near two hundred head left. We kep' pushin' 'em on, fast as they could go, for we was afraid some of them folks back to the town might be lookin' for their candidate for assessor, an' we knew they'd more'n likely be touchy about our breakin' up the show. We didn't stop till night. Then we rested about a hour, on a little creek bottom, where they was some feed. Jim was still stickin' to his actor clothes. He said he liked 'em. 'They don't hamper the fore-movement o' my manly form,' says he.

"All night we kep' movin', though we was all pretty tired by now. The fellers up there did foller us, we heard afterwards, but they never got beyond our first camp. We rid all the next mornin', too, till we come to a big basin that used to be called Squaw Flats.

"The last time we was in there, three years before, there wasn't a granger within a thousand miles of there; but now, what do you think? Some fool land company or other had planted a colony of Norwegians in there. An' blame me, if they hadn't put up houses an' started ranches; an' right at the time we struck in there, they was a-holdin' some sort of a doin's they called a hay festival. I don't understand all about them foreign customs, but them folks, they had several loads of hay drawed up in line, an' they probable elected the best-lookin' gal in the outfit for to be the hay queen, or somethin' of that sort. They was a mighty homely-lookin' set of women, anyhow.

"We left Willie an' Bill a ways back to hold our herd in some coulees out of sight, an' Jim an' me we rid in among the foreigners to see what was goin' on. Jim was riled at seein' this granger outfit in there. He rid up alongside the men folks an' allowed that he was the only legitimate queen o' the May then an' there present on the Squaw Flats. 'I wouldn't say this if I didn't have the wings to back it,' says he, 'but I shorely must insist I'm a heap lovelier 'n any one o' these moharries here.' An' he gives his wings a flip, to make 'em show up good. They wasn't one of them fellers denied what he said. They looked some suspicious at his clothes. I reckon they didn't understand our customs any more'n we did their'n. One of them men folks, a old-lookin' sort of feller, with pink whiskers, he says to his old woman, says he, 'Mary, I tank way badder go back to Duloot!'

"We tried to sell them fellers some horses, but they wouldn't buy none, an' they didn't seem to understand nothin'. We got out of 'em at last that they had come in from the new railroad; which was shore news to us. We hadn't heard of any railroad up in there. It was that line up from Newbraska. That settled us. 'By Jinks,' says Jim, 'I'll bet a hundred dollars they'll telegraph from Bear Paw down the trail, an' we got to cross this here new road!' An' that was just what did happen, too.

"It was a low-down thing to do, that telegraphin', an' that was one of the reasons we left that country. We see a honest man couldn't hardly make a livin' there any more.

"We, that is, me an' Jim, we rid back from the hay festival to where Willie an' Bill was a-holdin' the herd. We knew it was a rather ticklish place we was in, an' it was goin' to take hard ridin' to git out. Bill he was sort of sick, an' near played out, and Willie he allowed he couldn't leave Bill. They was sort of partners, same as me an' Jim. We saw we'd have to split up here, for Bill couldn't ride so hard as we'd likely have to. We hadn't figgered on ever goin' much farther than right where we was then. Jim fixed it up. He said:

"'I'll tell you how to do this. These Swedes haven't seen you boys yet at all. Now, we'll start the herd full pelt and cross the flat right by their d—d hay outfit. You an' Bill, you come on after us, a-chasin' us and a-shootin', like you was tryin' to catch us. When you get to the Swedes, you pull up, an' tell 'em we are two horse-thieves that's run off a big bunch from up country, an' that you've been follerin' us for three days. It'll take that outfit about ten hours to git it through their heads, an' that'll give us some chance. You two fellers stop here, then, and do just the best you can. As for Cupid, he ain't never a-goin' to stop.'

"We done it that way. We come out on to the flat a-whoopin' an' a-goin', Willie an' Bill behind, a-shootin' and yellin', like they was crazy to catch up with us. We shore stampeded the hay festival. Jim an' me didn't stop to learn how it all come out, but we learned later that Willie and Bill took the first train as soon as they found the new railroad, an' got out to Omaha all right.

"Jim an' me, we traveled a day an' night from Squaw Flats, an' then we crossed the

"We come out on to the flat a-whoopin' an' a-goin'. . . . We shore stampeded the hay festival!"

new railroad in the night, an' headed southwest, square for the Red Desert of Wyomin'. Then it was a good deal like a dream, for that was the awfullest ride I ever had in all my life. Our horses died all along the trail, one after another, an' all they could do was to walk. We kep 'em goin' all we could, ridin' among them, an' shootin' down the ones we saw was goin' to drop soon. We lived on horse meat for days, for we hadn't anything else to eat. When we struck good feed and water for the stock we hadn't over forty head left, an' we didn't care whether school kep or not. Jim was wore down to skin and bones, an' his face was cracked and split with the alkali, the same as mine, an' he couldn't hardly talk some days; but he never did weaken, an' he stood watch fair when it come his turn, an' he wouldn't have gone to sleep if he'd a-died standin'. An' all along the ride he stuck to his actor clothes, partly because he didn't have any others unless I give him some of mine, but mostly because of devilment. I let him have both saddle blankets at night, for he said there wasn't much warmth in his wings. 'The feller that built those here wings didn't gauge 'em for this altitood, I reckon,' says he.

"We knew we had to do business right soon if we ever did at all, for what with this telegraph keepin' us movin' so far, our stock was so foot-sore an' wore down that it couldn't travel no further. We kep on the best we could, but we wasn't averagin' ten mile a day, an' a-losin' a horse nigh about every mile, you might say.

"We was now a long step from Montanny, an' we finally allowed we'd head for the Green River settlements, where the Mormons was, thinkin' we could maybe ship our stock by the 'U. P.' from there, where nobody knowed us, an' nobody couldn't have heard of us. It was a long pull, an' mighty hard on our property, but we finally got in on the Green River.

"The day we was to strike the railroad at the Mormon settlements, we met a feller ridin' out a little way from the railroad station, an' we stopped a while to pass the time o' day. He looked right careful at our outfit, an' finally Jim asked him who he was.

"'I'm the sherf,' said he, quiet like.

"'Oh, you be?' says Jim.

"'Yep,' says he. 'Who are you?'

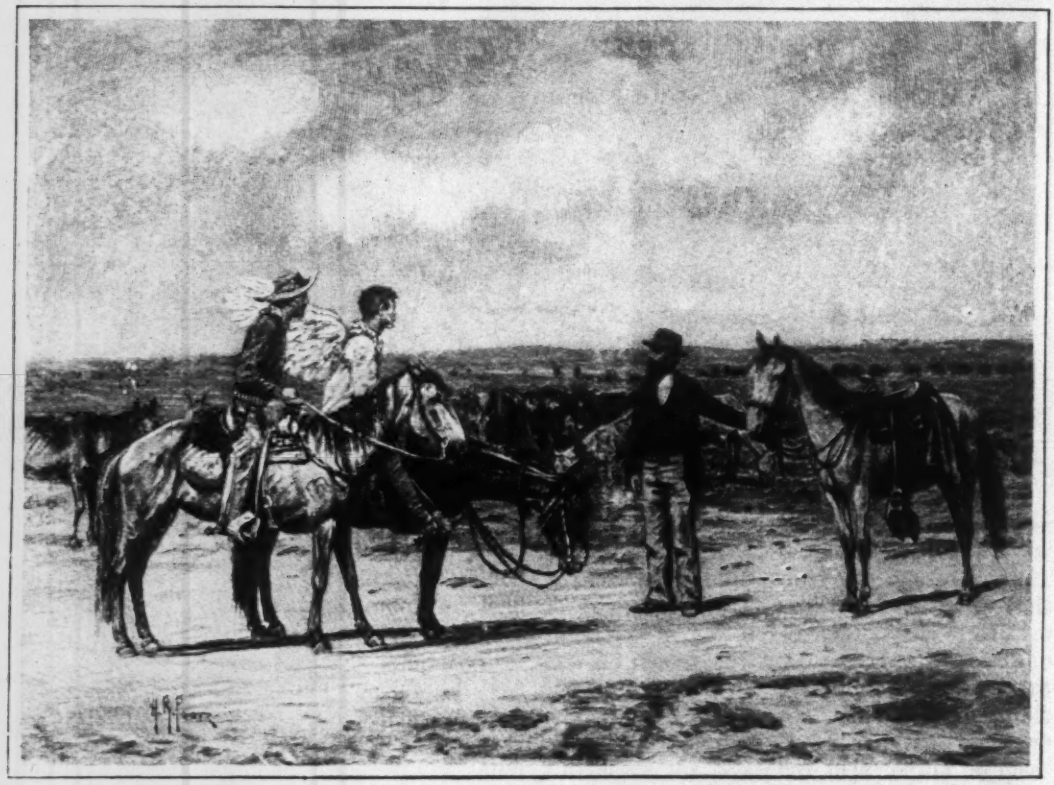
"'Well,' says Jim, a-throwin' one leg acrost his saddle, 'I started out as Cupid; but I allowed, if we hadn't of met you, I'd a-rid into that there town and seen if I couldn't pass for the departed sperrit of Joseph Smith.'

"'The sherf he laughed. 'I know who you are,' said he.

"'How?' said Jim.

"'Story come out from the Swede settlements on the Squaw Flats that the Angel Gabriel had come through there in a hurry, headed south. Description was some like your'n. It was telegrafted all over. Do you know what you two fellers done?'

"'You're a white man, friend,' said Jim, 'if you are a sherf.' So we both shook hands with him. 'I come mighty nigh bein' a assessor,' said Jim; so he told how that was. I thought the sherf would die a-laughin' at Jim. It was him that got Jim some clothes. 'I'll bet a thousand dollars,' says the sherf, 'that you're the first cow-puncher that ever rid acrost the Red Desert in pink



"'But you two fellers, if I was you, I believe I'd just take the train out to-night. You needn't mention meetin' me.'"

chaps and with speckled wings a-growin' out of his shoulders!' And I reckon like enough that's so.

"'No. Why?' says Jim.

"'Why, half that colony went back home. Country seemed a little swift for them, I reckon,' says the sherf.

"'Maybe *so*,' says Jim.

"'Is this all the horses you've got left?' asked the sherf, an' we told him yes. He asked us if it was true we'd come all the way from Montanny since the first of July, an' we told him yes. He set down then an' sort of reflected some. 'Boys,' says he, at last, 'I expect you'd better leave the stock in here. I'll have 'em took care of till their feet and legs gets a chance to grow out, an' that'll be time enough to talk about sendin' 'em back up the range. But you two fellers, if I was you, I believe I'd just take the train out to-night. You needn't mention meetin' me.'

"But wasn't that a pore round-up for a whole season's work? We didn't git more'n forty head through, an' they wouldn't of brought four dollars a head. That's a fact."

Apparently regarding his story closed, the inspector started to climb down from the fence, but upon expostulation tarried long enough to tell something further of the fate of Jim.

"Why, Jim," said he, "he went up into the Black Hills country, not long after that, an' he stayed there quite a while, punchin' cows for the Open A Six outfit. One day he was in to town at the railroad, an' he run acrost a outfit of movers who was comin' in through there with a team an' wagon.

They was a pore, broken-down lot, the horses near played out, the man down sick, an' the women folks half starved. They hadn't a thing to eat, an' they was a-settin' out there on the edge of the town, waitin' to starve to death, or else waitin' till some of them town folks would come out an' give them a bite to eat; an' I reckon one'd catch 'em about as quick as the other. Jim come up and talked with 'em, an' saw how it was. He didn't say much, but he turned around an' rid out of town about a couple of miles, till he come up with a good fat yearlin' runnin' out on the range. He draws down an' kills the yearlin', an' cuts off a quarter, an' takes it up in front of him on his saddle, to carry it back to this here pore outfit, a-settin' there by the road, without ambition enough to go out and rustle a little meat for theirselves.

"Now here was where the fool side of Jim come in again. It wasn't rainin' that day, nor lookin' anything like rain. But Jim, he had a big pommel slicker tied on to his saddle, an' he got this slicker an' put it on, an' pulled it down over the quarter of yearlin' that he was carryin' up in front of him on the saddle. Jim told me, the last time I seen him in the pennetentuary, that he done that just for the sake of appearances, realizin' that times had changed. Well, they had. He hadn't much more'n dumped the meat off his saddle in front of the movers' wagon, before the town marshal come out an' arrested him for concealin' stolen goods, or somethin' of that sort. You ort to see some of them statutes made an' pervided out West now. You can't look cross-eyed at even a beef critter without gittin' in jail. There never was a squarer man throwed a leg over a saddle than this same Jim Mulhally, but here they put him in jail. But say," the inspector added suddenly and earnestly, "Jim's time is nearly out. Can't we git him a job here, somehow? You can see for yourself there ain't no chance for a white man out in God's country any more."

SOME LESSONS OF THE WAR.

BASED ON ENGLAND'S EXPERIENCE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

By A. Conan Doyle.

Editor's Note.—The following article is taken from Dr. Doyle's book, "The Great Boer War," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. It is of interest particularly to Americans, because the lessons learned by Great Britain in South Africa are the same as we learned in the Spanish and Filipino wars. The problems now confronting Great Britain and the United States as to the reorganization of the army are also similar. Both nations have learned some things and ought to profit by them in future. Dr. Doyle was with the British army as a surgeon during most of the important fighting. He writes with knowledge and great candor. His history of the war is by far the ablest contribution to literature on this great event in modern British history.

THE very first of all the lessons of the war, as it seems to me, is that there must be no more leaving of the army entirely to the professional soldier and to the official, but that the general public must recognize that the defense of the empire is not the business of a special warrior caste, but of every able-bodied citizen. It is an enervating thing for a nation when it comes to be accepted that its protection depends upon a small special class. With modern weapons every brave man with a rifle is a formidable soldier, and there is no longer the need for a hard training and a rigid discipline which existed when men fought in platoons and performed complicated evolutions upon the field of battle. With his pen, with his voice, and with his rifle every man who has the privilege of a vote must do what he can to strengthen the fighting force of his country. How many criticisms made by civilians in the last few years have been proved by the stern test of this war to have been absolutely justified! It is the fresh eye, undimmed by prejudice or tradition, which is most likely to see clearly. From the War Office, declaring that infantry and not cavalry were necessary for the campaign, to the general on the spot who considered that with 10,000 men he could march to Pretoria, our professional soldiers have not shown that they were endowed with

clear vision. In the face of their manifest blunders and miscalculations, a civilian need not hesitate to express his own opinion. A few strong impressions were left upon my mind by what I heard and saw of the war, and these, for better or worse, I shall endeavor here to place upon record.

One of the most certain lessons of the war, as regards ourselves, is once for all to reduce the bugbear of an invasion of Great Britain to an absurdity. With a moderate efficiency with the rifle the able-bodied population of this country could, without its fleet and without its professional soldiers, defy the united forces of Europe. A country of hedgerows would with modern weapons be the most terrible entanglement into which an army could wander. The advantage of the defense over the attack, and of the stationary force against the one which has to move, is so enormous, and has been so frequently proved by the Boers against ourselves, as well as by ourselves against the Boers, that the man who still dreads the invasion of Kent or Sussex must be either the most nervous or the most stupid of his sex. So much national consolation can we draw from the ordeal through which we have passed.

While we can depend for the defense of our own shores upon some developed system of militia and volunteers, we can release for the service of the empire almost all the professional soldiers. The lesson of the war, as I read it, is that it is better and cheaper for the country to have fewer soldiers which shall be very highly trained than many of a mixed quality. If, in order to secure that keenness and individual push and intelligence which modern warfare demands, you have to pay your soldier half a crown or three shillings a day, you can by securing a higher type do with fewer numbers, and so save in transport, clothing, accoutrements, and barrack accommodation. At such a wage you could pick your men carefully, eliminate the unfit, insist upon every man being a highly proficient marksman, and make dismissal from the service a very real punishment. In the wars of the future, where a soldier has to be conveyed to the center of Africa, the interior of China, or the frontier of Afghanistan, it is most necessary that the army so conveyed should be of the highest quality. It costs as much to convey and feed a worthless man as a good one. If he is not a dead shot with a rifle what is the use of carrying him 7,000 miles in order to place him in a firing line? One man who hits his mark outweighs ten who miss it, and only asks one-tenth of the food and transport. If by paying three times as much we can secure that one man, it is an obvious economy to the country to do so. Eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, even if it reduces our army to 100,000 men. With our reserves, our militia, and our volunteers we can always fill up the ranks if it is necessary to increase their numbers.

To take the various arms of the service in turn, our infantry has shown itself to be as good as ever it was. The generals have winced long before the soldiers have done so, and whether it was in such advances as those of Talma Hill and Elandslaagte, or in such passive acceptance of punishment as at Spion Kop or Modder River, they have shown all their old qualities of dash and steadiness. Their spirit was extraordinarily good. I do not know where in our military history we can match the fact that the troops who were hurled backwards at Colenso in December, who were cut to pieces at Spion Kop in January, who were driven off Valkrantz early in February, were the same men who went roaring over the Boer intrenchments in the last week of that month. Nothing could demoralize or even dishearten them. As to their patient endurance of pain and of hardship, one could not be a witness to it in the hospitals without a higher sense of the dignity of human nature. Their marching was unexpectedly good. With burdens of forty pounds they covered their twenty miles a day with ease, and on occasion they rose to greater efforts. The forty miles done by the Guards before Bloemfontein, and the marching of Yule's retiring column, and of the Queenslanders and Canadians who joined Plumer before the relief of Mafeking, were all very fine performances.

So much for the men themselves, but it is in their training that there is the room for criticism. The idea that an infantry soldier is a pikeman has never quite departed in our army. He is still to march in step as the pikemen did, to go steadily shoulder to shoulder, to rush forward with his pike advanced. All this is mediæval and dangerous. There is only one thing which wins a modern battle, and that is straight shooting. To hit your enemy and to avoid being hit yourself are the two points of the game, and the one is as important as the other. After the lessons which we had in the first Boer war, the musketry instruction in the British army has been simply disgraceful. The number of

cartridges served out annually for practice varies from fifty in the militia to 300 in a few select regiments. Three thousand should be the absolute minimum. If a man is not a marksman he should be cast from the army; for why should a useless man be paid and fed by the country?

The taking of cover, the most important of all infantry exercises, appears to be even more neglected than our musketry. In the Salisbury Plain manœuvers of 1898 I saw with my own eyes lines of infantry *standing* and firing upon each other at short ranges, without rebuke either from their officers or from the umpires. A colonel who stood upon the position to be attacked, and praised or blamed the company officers according to their success in concealing their men in their advance, would soon teach them to use cover. A sleet of Mauser bullets has the same effect, but it is hard that our peace training should have so small a relation to war.

Intrenching also is one of the weak points of our infantry. As Mr. Bennet Burleigh has observed, the sappers have a bad influence upon the infantry, for they teach the foot soldier that he will have things done for him which he should be able to do for himself. Every infantry officer should know how to plan trenches, and every infantry soldier how to make them. All through the war our trenches have been the merest rabbit scratchings compared with those of the amateur soldiers who were opposed to us. Sometimes they were even ludicrous, like some which I saw myself—in a position which might well have been attacked—where the sides of the loopholes in the parapet were made of empty jam pots. At Spion Kop, at Reddersberg, at Nicholson's Nek, at Lindley—on these and many other occasions better intrenching would have saved lives, if not the day.

Better shooting, better knowledge of cover—these are the main desiderata in our infantry. The latter will in the near future be attained, I believe, by some portable bullet-proof shield. There are many smaller improvements which will be wrought by the war. Never again should the most valuable lives be exposed by the fatuous idea of giving them a different dress. The officer will carry a rifle like his men. And, above all, the officer must take his profession more seriously. He must remember that the lives of his men are in his keeping, and that if through any fault of his they are lost his guilt is not far removed from murder. A braver man than the British officer, or one with a more indomitable and sporting spirit, is not to be found. But he treats his work too lightly. Military conversation, though commoner than it once was, is still much too rare. During six months' intercourse with officers I have only once seen one of them reading a professional book. Young lawyers and young doctors cannot take their profession in this dilettante spirit. As a point of honor it is surely indefensible to accept certain duties and to be paid for them without carrying them out with all the industry and energy that is possible. A young officer must remember that if he leaves all the thinking to his superiors, and refuses to use his own mind, he will have lost the power of doing so by the time that he comes to be a superior himself. Our junior company officers should be constantly encouraged to think and to act for themselves.

Passing on to the cavalry, we come to the branch of the service which appears to me to be the most in need of reform. In fact, the simplest and most effective reform would be one which should abolish it altogether, retaining the household regiments for public functions. One absolutely certain lesson of this war is that there is—outside the artillery—only one weapon in the world, and that weapon is the magazine rifle. Lances, swords, and revolvers have only one place—the museum. How many times was the lance or the sword fleshed in this war, and how many men did we lose in the attempts, and how many tons of useless metal have our overburdened horses carried about the country? But if these various weapons are discarded, and we come down to the uniformity of the rifle, then of course we must teach the trooper to use his rifle on foot and dress him so that he can do so. So in an automatic and unavoidable way he becomes mounted infantry.

But when I say mounted infantry, I do not mean the vamped-up horseman who is converted by battalions as Charlemagne converted the Saxons. Considering his genesis, this man has done very well; but, as Albrecht remarked, it is some time before he has ceased holding his hat on. What I mean are regiments of the type of the Imperial Light Horse, as well horsed and as highly trained in peace time as our cavalry are now. We have not yet realized what first-class mounted infantry can do, for we have never trained any first-class mounted infantry.

When we compare the doings of cavalry and of mounted infantry in this war, we must remember that it is not a fair comparison,

as the one force was highly trained while the other was rapidly improvised. But even so the comparison may be sustained by the junior branch. I have more than once asked cavalry officers whether they could point to any single exploit in the whole war which could not have been as well done by equally well-horsed mounted infantry. The relief of Kimberley, the heading off of Cronje, the pursuit after Elandslaagte—there is not one which is essentially a cavalry exploit. But, on the other hand, the mounted infantry did things which cavalry as at present constituted could never have done—such as the ascent of Elandslaagte, or the surprise of Gunhill. Let us preserve all our old historic regiments, with their traditions and their *esprit de corps*—and let them be called cavalry also, if the name is dear to them—but let them have only a rifle, and let them be trained to fight on foot. Then, if less ornamental, they will become more workmanlike and more formidable. Boer tactics with British courage would make a combination which would carry everything before it.

In dealing with our artillery it must be acknowledged that for personal gallantry and for general efficiency they take the honors of the campaign. Nothing could exceed the devotion with which officers and men stood to their guns under the most deadly fire. The accuracy of our shooting left something to be desired, but in some actions it reached a very high standard.

Our gunners, however, were always from the beginning paying the penalty of being the attacking party. As a rule they were firing at guns which were in a position higher than their own, and they were continually engaging guns which they could not see. That the Boers were at the beginning of the war able to bring on to the battlefield very much heavier guns than we could set against them must have been foreseen by our military authorities, who knew, by the report of the Intelligence Department, that they possessed four heavy Creusots and sixteen 4.7 howitzers. To some extent these were neutralized by our own use of naval guns—a most dangerous and hand-to-mouth expedient. Outside these special guns, which were not field guns at all, our 15-pounders were as good as anything which the Boers could set against them. In quality of ammunition we had an immense advantage. Had the Boer forces been as good as their guns and their gunners our losses would—especially in the early part of the war—have been much more severe.

We imagined that we possessed another advantage in the possession of lyddite, but it appears that a careful inquiry should be made into this substance before we commit our artillery further to its use. Its destructive power upon buildings, etc., is beyond doubt, but it is by no means equally fatal when used against troops in an open formation. I have spoken to several Boers upon the subject, and none of them expressed a high opinion of it. We imagined that there was a considerable area of destruction round each bursting shell, but I know of at least one case where a shell burst within seven yards of a man, with no worse effect than to give him a bad headache.

But the very great advantage which the Boers possessed—one which enabled half a dozen Boer guns to hold as many British batteries—was that their cannon were as invisible as their rifles. The first use which a Boer makes of his guns is to conceal them. The first use which a British major makes of his is to expose them in a straight line, with correct interspaces, each gun so near its neighbor that a lucky shell dropping between them might cripple the crews of each. The artillery are a highly educated scientific corps, so the outsider must conclude that there is some deep reason for this arrangement; but whatever the reason may be, it most certainly does not apply to a war like this. From first to last it has put us at a most serious disadvantage. Sometimes it is unavoidable that the attacking force should be in the open, but it is seldom that some broken ground, bushes, bowlders, or other cover cannot be found if the officer will be content to scatter his guns a little and to break his symmetrical line.

Another prejudice which may be quite justified in European warfare has exercised an evil influence upon our artillery in the campaign. This is the extreme reluctance of commanding officers to split up a battery and to act with any unit less than six guns. "One gun is no gun," says an artillery maxim, but there have been occasions in the campaign when a single gun would have saved us from disaster. While majors preserved their perfect six-gun batteries the troops at Reddersburg, at Lindley, at Roodewal, at Honning's Spruit, were all in dire need of the two guns which might easily have been spared them. The Boers sent their small parties about the country with guns, we sent ours without; and when the parties met, we were at a fatal disadvantage. And the root of the matter lay in the dis-

inclination of our officers to divide up a battery.

There is another subject so painful that one would be tempted to avoid it but for its vital importance. It is the danger of the artillery firing into their own infantry, as occurred again and again in the campaign. At Talana Hill our guns opened with shrapnel, at less than 2,000 yards, upon our own stormers, and drove them with some loss off the crest which they had captured. Surely officers could be provided with a glass which would make it impossible to mistake Boer for Briton at so close a range. At Stormberg the same thing happened, with tragic results. So also at Colenso.

As far as our equipment goes most artillery officers seem satisfied, in spite of all criticism, with the 15-pounder field gun, and argue that any gun which fires faster fires too fast to be controlled by its commander. A battery at present can discharge from fifteen to twenty shots a minute. They hold, also, that any increase in weight of the gun must be at the expense of mobility. On the other hand, they have learned that the shrapnel time fuses are too short, and that batteries should be provided with common shell for use against sangars, houses, and other solid defenses.

It is for a committee of inquiry to decide whether such small changes as these are all which we can gather from our experience in this war. A certain conservatism and loyalty prompt a man to stand by the weapons which he knows how to handle as against those of which he has no experience. But surely it must be admitted that one gun which fires very rapidly is equal to several guns which fire slowly, and offers a smaller mark. Also that a difference of mobility, which may or may not be of any importance, is more than atoned for by the certain fact that with the heavier gun you can hit your enemy a mile beyond the range at which he can hit you. The 12-pounder Elswick gun, for example, cannot be much less mobile than the service weapon, and yet its effective range is nearly double the distance. In the wars of the future it is certain that very much heavier guns will be employed than in the past.

The lesson of the war as regards the effect of artillery is that while it is comparatively harmless where troops are extended or intrenched, it is most deadly when, through faulty leadership or the accident of the ground, troops are compelled to bunch. Spion Kop was won entirely by the Boer artillery—the one example in the war where infantry have been mastered by guns. The small Vickars-Maxim quick-firer established an evil reputation there and elsewhere; but as the war went on it was appreciated that its shells might as well be solid, as they have small penetrating power after their explosion, and are usually only to be feared on direct impact.

The engineers in every branch have done splendidly in the war. The balloon department was handicapped by the height of the scene of operations, which only gave them a narrow margin (a few hundred feet) of elevation. But in spite of this they did fine work, and their presence will become more essential as the trench and the hidden gun become universal in the battles of the future. The pontoon section also did well, but it is the railway sappers who have really won the first honors of the campaign upon the side of the British. They were, of course, immensely assisted by the presence of the Pioneer Regiment, with its skilled officers and trained workers, and also by the presence of cheap black labor; but the energy and ingenuity with which every difficulty was surmounted and the line was kept up to the army will always remain a wonder to those who saw it and a glory to those who did it. One branch of the service which proved to be most useful, and which might well be enlarged, is the mounted engineer. As the horseman threatens to play so great a part in the wars of the future, it is necessary to have your horse-sapper who will keep up with him, tap telegraphs, break bridges, cut lines, and get the full advantage out of each advance.

There remains that Medical Department upon which so fierce a light has beaten. It has had less than justice done to it, because the desperate nature of the crisis which it had to meet was not realized by the public. For reasons of policy the grave state of the army in Bloemfontein was never made known, and at the moment when the public was reading optimistic reports the town was a center of pestilence and the hospitals were crammed to their utmost capacity. The true statistics of the outbreak will probably never come out, as the army returns permit the use of such terms as "simple continued fever"—a diagnosis frequently made, but vague and slovenly in its nature. If these cases were added to those which were returned as enteric (and they were undoubtedly all of the same nature), it would probably double the numbers and give a true idea of

the terrible nature of the epidemic. Speaking roughly, there could not have been fewer than from 7,000 to 10,000 in Bloemfontein alone, of which 1,300 died.

At the time of this terrible outbreak the army depended for its supplies upon a single precarious line of rails, which were choked with the food and the remounts which were absolutely necessary for the continuance of the campaign. The doctors had the utmost difficulty in getting the tents, medicines, and other necessaries for their work. They were overwhelmed with cases at the very moment when their means for treating them were at the lowest, and unhappily enteric is of all diseases the one which needs careful nursing, special nourishment, and constant attention. The result was in many cases deplorable. There were hospitals where the most necessary utensils were wanting. In supplying these wants locally there was, as it seemed to me, a want of initiative and of energy, but it sprang largely from an exaggerated desire on the part of the authorities to conciliate the Free Staters and reconcile them to our rule. It was thought too high-handed to occupy empty houses without permission, or to tear down corrugated iron fencing in order to make huts to keep the rain from the sick soldiers. This policy, which sacrificed the British soldier to an excessive respect for the feelings of his enemies, became modified after a time, but it appeared to me to increase the difficulties of the doctors.

Where the Department seemed to be open to criticism was in not having more men upon the spot. Capetown was swarming with civil surgeons, and there was no difficulty in conveying them to Bloemfontein, Kroonstadt, or wherever else they were needed. For example, a man should certainly have been on duty night and day at the station, to meet all incoming trains and receive the sick and wounded. There were cases where men lay on the platform for long periods before being removed. So also it was obvious that a rest camp should have been formed early, so as to relieve the congestion of the hospitals by taking away the lighter cases. But the situation was a most difficult one, and the men upon the spot, from General Wilson to the humblest orderly, were worked to their extreme capacity. It is easy now to criticise what they did not do, but it is just also to remember what they did.

The fact is that the true blame in the matter rests not with the Medical Department, but with the composition of the South African army. The Medical Department is arranged to meet the wants of such a body of regular troops as Great Britain could put in the field, but not to provide for a great army of irregulars and Colonials very much larger than could ever have been foreseen. It is unjust to blame the Medical Department for not being prepared for that which was a new thing, totally unforeseen by any one even after the outbreak of hostilities.

Leaving these hasty and superficial notes of the way in which each branch of the service has been affected by the war, I should desire to add a few words upon the army of the future. I believe that if we could lay the lessons of this war rightly to heart we might become as strong upon land as we are on sea, and that the change might be effected without any increase of expense. It will probably be represented that the lesson of the war is that the army should be increased; but my own impression, which I advance with all diffidence, is that the true reading is different, and that we should decrease the army in numbers, and so save the money which will enable us to increase its efficiency and mobility.

When I say decrease the army, I mean decrease the number of professional soldiers; but I should increase the total number of armed men upon whom we can call by a liberal encouragement of volunteering and such an extension of the Militia Act as would give us at least a million men for home defense.

The army proper should, according to this scheme, be drawn from a higher class than is done at present, for modern warfare demands more intelligence and individuality than is to be found in the peasant or unskilled laborer classes. To get these men a good wage must be paid—not less than half a crown a day, with a pension in reserve.

Granting that the professional army should consist of 100,000 men, which is ample for every requirement, I should divide them roughly into 40,000 mounted infantry, who should be the *élite*, trained to the last point, with every man a picked shot and rider. Twenty thousand I should devote to forming a powerful corps of artillery, who should be armed with the best weapons which money could buy. Ten thousand would furnish the engineers, the army service corps, and the medical orderlies. There is no use in feeding and paying men in time of peace when we know that we can get them easily in time of war and rapidly make them efficient. In all these three departments it

would be practicable to fill up the gaps by trained volunteers when they are needed.

There remain 30,000 men out of the original number, which should form the infantry of the line. These should preserve the old regimental names and traditions, but should consist of mere "cadres," skeleton regiments to be filled up in time of war. There might, for example, be a hundred regiments, each containing 300 men. But these men, paid on the higher scale, are all picked men and good rifle shots, trained to the highest point in real warlike exercises—not in barrack-square evolutions. Where the standard of intelligence is higher, drill is not so necessary to give cohesion to a regiment. This force would in itself (with the aid of the mounted infantry and artillery) be able to cope with any ordinary task; but when the nation desired to use its whole strength, the regiments would at once be increased to 1,000 each by drafts from the huge volunteer and militia reserves. This new material would take some digesting, but with 300 old soldiers already in the ranks, it would not take long before the regiments would become formidable. Our infantry force would thus rise at once to 100,000 men, with behind them 1,000,000 or so of the picked manhood of the country ready to form fresh battalions or to fill the gaps in the old ones. Add to this the Indian army, and the splendid material of Australia, South Africa, and Canada, each of which should be separately organized, and we should have such a force as the empire has never yet had at its command. In spite of the higher pay to every officer and man, I believe that the economies would be so great owing to the smaller numbers—which count, not merely upon a pay list, but in our bills for transport, for food, for pensions, and for barracks—that we could do it at a considerably smaller cost if the nation can be persuaded to extend the Militia Act for short periods of home service. But, above all, let the army become a serious profession, let us have done with the "fuss and the feathers," the gold lace and the frippery, which were needed to catch the plowboy, but are repellant to the reasonable man. Let us have done also with the tailoring, the too luxurious habits of the mess, the unnecessary extravagances which make it so hard for a poor man to accept a commission. If only this good came from all our trials and our efforts they would be well worth all that they have cost us.

TRADE WINDS.

By Edith Wyatt.

A STORY OF THE CHICAGO WEST SIDE.

JOHN WOLLFE had spent all his life in the changes of trade in the neighborhood of Harrison and Halsted streets.

Here, after fifty years of industry, he had built up a small reef of a retail dry-goods store, where he lived with his family, a wife and six children.

His establishment was a three-story red-brick with a fifty-foot frontage. It had high plate-glass windows, a blue and white awning, and it was called "The Wolf Store"—a friendly pun, expressed by its sign, which had a gilded wolf walking out on a small platform over the awning, and by two iron wolves, one on each side of the street door.

Here Mr. Wollfe worked from early morning till late at night, making accounts, balancing books, selling over his counter, piling up rolls of cloth and boxes of ruching on his shelves, and arranging his windows attractively.

He was a small, thin man, pale, and always rather tired-looking, with gentle eyes, and a mild, smiling face. In the neighborhood Mr. Wollfe was regarded with respect, but with no liking nor interest. It was thought, for no reason except a disapproval of his quietness and diffidence, that he was "close." Still, his store was very popular. He was a member of the West Side Business Men's Club and of a Merchant's Marching Club. He kept out of debt; his family were comfortably fed and dressed, and they had certain luxuries.

His front parlor over the store was richly furnished with plush chairs, and with a marble clock; the boys had wheels; and Mrs. Wollfe, an active, good-looking woman with high cheek-bones, a lively gossip, admired in the neighborhood, had a silk petticoat and many large brooches and pins, birthday and Christmas tokens.

Mr. Wollfe was not so humble nor so plain-minded himself but that he had his vanity. He was vain of the gay appearance of "The Wolf Store," of his position in the business world, and of his eldest daughter, Allie.

Allie was seventeen years old. She had soft brown hair, a few scattering freckles, and her father's gentle brown eyes. Her dimples were always coming and going. She changed color easily; and in spite of a life spent in serving the public in "The Wolf Store," she was shy and rather self-conscious. She was always biting the corner of her lip, taking out her handkerchief, running her thumb round the edge of her belt, or pushing back an escaping lock of hair. She dressed very fashionably, for her father liked to give her gold belts, and link cuff-buttons, and tucked shirt-waists from the store.

Although Mrs. Wollfe and the younger children habitually snubbed him, Allie would consult her father's opinion, and respect his tastes. He sometimes found cities she had given up as hopeless on the history map; and she would appeal to him with "Father, what do you think of my new hat?" and "Father, I just *know* you won't like these shoes. They're too stumpy-looking to suit *you*."

Allie had done well in the public school; and she now went to a dancing class, and to a history class, in the settlement house near, where she showed herself a good scholar, taking just what was given her without too much probing, and going through the history class with the same executive ability and neat despatch that she evinced in the dancing class, and in tying up parcels in "The Wolf Store."

She and Will, the eldest boy, both worked in the store. They enjoyed it. They liked giving souvenirs of little pasteboard plaques or aluminum match-safes, with a dollar's worth of purchase on Saturday nights. They liked to roll up parcels briskly, pulling string from an iron case, and tying it neatly before a watching customer; and Will showed the same pleasure in attitude and distinction of bearing that certain actors show in handing ladies off the stage, when he adroitly gathered up the folds of a piece of cloth to catch the light, and remarked, "*Here's a tasty thing in lawn, lady,*" as he raised his chin, and gazed delicately out of the window, in order not to embarrass the choice of the awed customer.

Allie, for her part, adopted a confidential tone with the public. She advised, and at the slightest approbation of her wares, praised with uncontrolled enthusiasm, exclaiming, "*Awfully stylish,*" and "*Yes, it is sweet, isn't it?*"

If "The Wolf Store" was delightful and satisfactory to Mr. Wollfe and his children, it was not faintly pleasing to a young gentleman, Mr. Henry Norris, who visited their establishment by chance one Saturday evening.

He was walking home from a visit to a friend at the settlement house; and he had been asked to stop on his way and leave word for Miss Wollfe that Mr. Norton was ill and could not conduct his history class.

MR. WOLLFE.

"A small, thin man, pale, and always rather tired-looking."

As Henry Norris walked between the two iron wolves into the store, brilliantly lighted for the distribution of the Saturday evening souvenirs, he observed all the effort to attract the attention of the public, with a feeling of thorough disgust and contempt.

The windows were draped with red tissue-paper, and in one of them there was an elaborate tent of handkerchiefs. The souvenirs were all arranged in neat rows on a table near the door. Will was standing in a grand, clerkly attitude, holding up a piece of silk for a customer already arrived, though it was too early after supper for many people to have come in yet; and Allie was whisking around, in a new blue satin tie and belt, her eyes and cheeks shining with the excitement she always felt on Saturday nights.

Mr. Norris felt that here lay before him a picture of Commercialism, of the life of the petty tradesman, of greed, competition, and vulgarity. He disliked Commercialism, and often expressed a displeasure that it should exist; and he now walked with as much superiority and distinction as possible to the end of the store, and delivered his message as though he had been extending it at arm's length.

Mr. Wollfe, seeing his daughter in conversation with a stranger apparently not a customer, came forward with civility. His neat store, Allie's presence and prettiness, a successful day, all had combined to give him unusual self-confidence. Catching Mr. Norris's last words, and bowing to him cordially, he replied:

"Allie will be sorry to miss that class. But we'll be glad to have her here to help us to-night. We always have our hands full."

And he could not refrain from glancing contentedly around his establishment, nor from showing Mr. Norris the placard he had in his hand. He had bought it that morning at an advertiser's, and he believed it so apt and ingenious that it must appeal to anybody. Besides, the poor fellow was a gentleman, with no notion that all people were not social equals, and he was feeling on that evening very hospitable and kindly. He turned the placard towards the proud glance of Mr. Norris, observing, "What do you think of that, sir?"

It was a white placard, with a sentence printed on it in large, purple letters:

WE SHOULD LIKE TO
C U B A
CUSTOMER OF OURS.

Mr. Norris's expression as he looked at this unambitious instance of the facetiousness of advertisers changed from a gaze of lofty indifference to one of an almost insulted disgust.

Allie was laughing and saying, "Well, that *is* pretty good. Do you see the point?" she went on, turning to Mr. Norris, as she noticed his silence, "See you be a—CUBA!"

"Yes—ah—good evening," responded Mr. Norris inadequately, and he bowed himself away.

Mr. Wollfe was astounded and a little hurt by his indifference. He was easily dashed, and he had thought that any one must like this elaborate jest.

But as soon as Mr. Norris's back was turned, Allie put her hand over her mouth to keep from bursting out laughing, and glanced at her father with happy eyes.

"My! He didn't see the point, after all!" she exclaimed. She gave her father an affectionate little push, and he began to laugh, too.

"I'll run around, and see how it looks from the outside while you put it in the window," she continued sympathetically; and she slipped out of the store.

Her reasons for running around outside were not, however, entirely unselfish. She had for some minutes been aware that a friend, a young livery-stable keeper, a Mr. McGarrigle, was standing expectantly on the corner.

Mr. McGarrigle stood on the corner almost every Saturday evening, indeed, in order that Allie might come to the door to pull up the awning, or slip a door-catch, and incidentally observe him, and exchange a few words with him.

He was twelve years older than Allie, a tall, stooping, sallow Irishman, with a long, somewhat humorous face, and a taste for the lounging, public life of livery stables.

He was a good driver and card-player, and there was something masterly and impressive in his presence to the little boys in the neighborhood. They classed him with the policemen and the firemen of their acquaintance.

In his shirt-sleeves, with his Derby hat pushed far back on his head, strolling indifferently among the looming red vans and yellow-pictured moving-wagons of his dark warehouse, or smoking nonchalantly in his livery-stable office, Sam McGarrigle appeared to the little boys a man of scope, ease, and power.

On Sundays he sometimes took Allie driving, on these occasions always, indeed,

producing on Allie the same effect as on the little boys.

When he drove two horses she was afraid of with one hand, with the other resting on his knee, and joked about the history class and "The Wolf Store," Allie was so impressed with his gayety and ability, so pleased with his admiration of her, that she could think of nothing else.

The Wollfes had a very large sale on the night of Mr. Norris's visit; and when they finally began to close the store, Mr. McGarrigle, always full of resource and initiative, detained Allie at the door with a pasteboard bucket of ice-cream. He had carried it from a restaurant, and even remembered to borrow spoons.

He and Allie sat on the iron door-step of the empty street outside, and ate the ice-cream, while Mr. Wollfe and Will, content with the day's work, rolled up bales and arranged the store for Sunday within.

And so little impression had the visit of Mr. Norris made, so unconscious were they of their greed and squalor, that the evening was marked for them all with an especially careless and radiant happiness.

ALLIE, MR. WOLLFE, AND MR. NORRIS.

"See you be a—CUBA!"

On the next evening Mr. Wollfe heard a piece of news that kept him awake all night.

The grocery store opposite had failed. Its owner would dispose as soon as possible of its stock, and rent the house to a retail dry-goods merchant.

Within two weeks the new store was established. Not to be outdone by "The Wolf Store," it had a name, "The Castle of Commerce." It was practically a branch of one of the large department stores, and it could afford to undersell Mr. Wollfe.

Further, it offered to the neighborhood attractions that Mr. Wollfe had not sufficient address to introduce.

On Saturday evenings, a band played inside the "Castle of Commerce": a dollar's worth drew a ticket for a lottery prize, a rocking-chair: once a woman with a patent button-holer sat in the window for a day, punching and outlining buttonholes with dizzying speed; and on another occasion, an agent for indelible ink wrote people's names on their handkerchiefs free of charge, in a flourishing, shaded hand.

Mr. Wollfe's regular customers slipped away. In two months none were left except a few women, sorry for Allie and Mrs. Wollfe. As for the casual trade—that was entirely absorbed by the newer, larger "Castle of Commerce."

Mr. Wollfe barely managed to pay his taxes. He was already in debt for his family's living expenses: it was impossible, without ready money, to buy more stock, and there seemed to be no outlook, nothing but failure ahead. He continued pinning up unnoticed placards, following the market prices even when he could not think of buying, and balancing every night the short column of

sales in his account book. The only change observable in him was that, though he worked so much less, he looked more tired.

His wife was anxious, not over him, but over their prosperity. She continually told him that they were losing money if he only knew it. Why didn't he do something? She was sure they would end in the poor-house. Will was contemptuous and morose, and Allie merely thought times were hard.

In the fall Mr. Wollfe's creditors came upon him. They would have been more lenient but for the common belief that he was "close," that he could pay, if he sufficiently wished.

His failure was an honorable one, and he paid every cent he owed. But when that was done he had nothing left. At his age he felt that it would be impossible for him to build up another such business. There seemed to be nothing for him to do.

He tried to get work without success. The family moved to another, poorer neighborhood. Will found a place in the "Castle of Commerce"; and they lived on his wages, and on credit, as well as they could.

Mrs. Wollfe was more contemptuous than ever: and sometimes in her hard silliness, and in thinking of what he might have done at the last to stave defeat from "The Wolf Store," Mr. Wollfe would have been miserable enough, if Allie had not been with him now all day in their idleness—and just what she had always been. She even induced him to go into an algebra class with her at the settlement house.

Mr. McGarrigle was away managing a livery stable in St. Jo through most of the summer and at the time of their misfortune. But on the first Sunday after his return, he drove around just as usual, and Allie stepped into his high buggy, laughing and blushing, and waved her hand to her father at the window as they drove off, to the envy of the neighbors.

She and Sam McGarrigle had always come back at supper-time. But on that night it seemed as if they would never come.

It grew dark and late. The family went to bed, and only Mr. Wollfe sat up in the dark, bare little parlor, waiting for his daughter in unreasoning anxiety.

At ten o'clock some one knocked at the door. Mr. Wollfe opened it, and a policeman stepped gravely into the room.

"Did a Miss Alice Wollfe live here?"

"Yes."

"Be ye her father?"

"Yes."

"Was she drivin' with a young gintleman this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wollfe, his eyes fixed on the policeman's face in an agony of impatience.

"Well, sir—" The policeman nerved himself, and dropped his eyes. "She was drowned in Humboldt Park, this afternoon—and the young gintleman."

Mr. Wollfe was too dazed to speak.

"What? how?" he managed to choke out.

"I saw them myself. The young gintleman was drivin' with a fine team of horses; and they come right along by the boat-house. The young gintleman says, 'It looks cool-like there, let's have a change,' he says. Just like that. The next I saw them was about half an hour later; they was on the lake, an' the gintleman was rowin'; an' a crowd of crazy fellows, showin' off, run into them. They come right up behind crashin' into them. He turned quick-like, but he couldn't get away. Their boat turned over—and the young lady never come up. Her dress was caught in the boat."

Everything turned black before Mr. Wollfe.

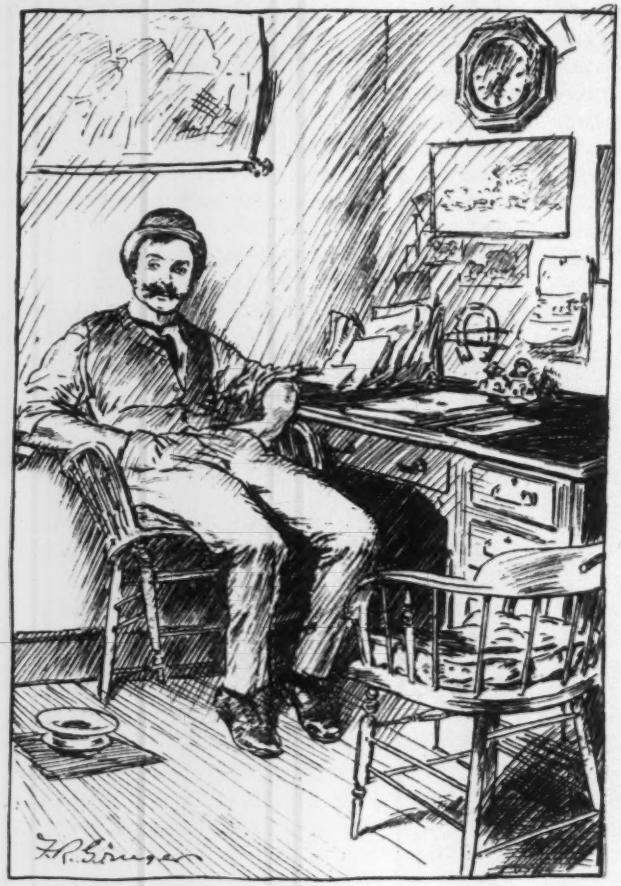
"It can't be true," he managed to say.

It seemed to him he was dead himself, as he watched his wife and the children gathering around in shawls and night-gowns, and listening to the story. Everything was vague and strange to him. He helped Will calm Mrs. Wollfe, hardly knowing what he was saying. He soothed the children; and after he had taken them back to bed, he started out, numbed and purblind, with the officer, walking along streets his feet seemed scarcely to touch, stupefied with a truth that left his mind dark and groping.

"The gintleman was drowned trying to get her," the policeman said. "So soon as we tuk her out, we found her name in her pocket-handkerchief, and there wuz some there knew him. 'Why,' they says, 'it's Sam McGarrigle, Sam McGarrigle, none other,' so they fetched his brother from the North Side."

The policeman talked on, his voice sounding in the still, echoing street, as they walked between the long stretching lines of the gas-lamps, and past the silent houses rising around like things in a dream; and his speech was the only thing that touched poor Mr. Wollfe's staggering senses, or that kept him from facing alone an unspeakable blankness.

Allie's death lent to the Wollfes' household a dignity it had not known before. In the midst of their bereavement, snubbing



SAM McGARRIGLE.

"A man of scope, ease, and power."

and hard words were profane and impossible to them, and they were all delicately respectful and gentle with each other. Allie's loveliness, her gayety, her warm and tender graces, so mysteriously vanished, were, after all, not quite gone.

Their loss brought them consideration in their new neighborhood. Women were friendly with Mrs. Wollfe; and all her family, though so much sadder, were somehow, and oddly, less miserable.

Mr. Wollfe felt gratefully his family's comforting tenderness, and all the kindliness that never seems to fail bereavement, a kindliness lovely, and yet very different from the only especial tenderness he had ever known.

Besides, his unaccustomed idleness, heavier than ever now, kept his days drifting past swiftly and vapidly in a stupefying blankness. He would walk for hours staring dully at the streets and at the passers-by, sometimes stopping on the corners, sometimes standing on the Halsted Street Viaduct, leaning on its rail, looking out over the wide prospect spreading before him.

The sound of traffic hummed about him, the whizzing electric car and lumbering van, the clap of horse-hoofs, the calling of men's voices, and the chuffing or the whistling of steam from the near waterways. Close beneath him spread a fan of railroad tracks, in long, white and gray glittering lines, interlacing in countless switches and crossings; the tarred and pebbled roof of a round-house stretched at one end of the lines. Above them, in the height of the air, blew twisting funnels of pearl and murky smoke, pennons of feathered blue and white waved in lofty streamers, and furling clouds of steam of the same color puffed buoyantly in swelling folds of lustrous cream and snow from the engine smoke-stacks. And east, and west, and north, and south, below pillaring chimney and piercing spire, the city roof-tops lay grimed and dusky in a myriad of squares and gables above the peopled mart.

Here the prospect spread, vast and various, a place of lively transaction, of desperate endeavor and defeat, a proffer of an infinite opportunity.

As Mr. Wollfe stood one evening staring at the scene, unconsciously overwhelmed with the thought of his disaster among its million chances, unconsciously exhilarated by its generous scope and far outlook, he buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile, on the same evening, Mr. Henry Norris, too, was on the Halsted Street Viaduct. He was not interested in the view, regarding this merely as one of the dirtiest portions of the city. However, perhaps the scene, with all its variety, had its unrealized effect, and unconsciously diverted him from his customary consideration of the squalor of Commercialism, and of his own relative social position.

At least, when he saw Mr. Wollfe leaning on the rail with his face in his hands, he was stricken with a genuine sympathy. He went up to him and asked him, with a real concern, and with no thought of patronage, nor even of benevolence, what was the matter.

Mr. Norris did not recognize Mr. Wollfe

as the owner of "The Wolf Store," but Mr. Wollfe recognized Mr. Norris. The sight of him gave the householder a pang of reminiscent pride. He had scarcely heard the young man's words, but he perceived his friendly intention.

He shook hands with Mr. Norris. "You come from the settlement?" he said; and as Mr. Norris shook his head vaguely: "You came to my store one night from there. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes—yes. I've heard Mr. Norton speak of your daughter. How is she? How are all of you?"

The remembrance of Mr. Wollfe's desperate attitude, and some sad dignity in his face, made Mr. Norris ask this.

"Why, didn't you know? My daughter is dead. She was drowned."

Mr. Norris looked at him dumbly.

Mr. Wollfe had started up, and they walked along together.

After a time Mr. Norris asked him how his business was; and they began speaking of the details of Mr. Wollfe's failure.

Instead of rejoicing that Mr. Wollfe had been driven by circumstances from a field of sordidness and greed, Mr. Norris asked him if he could not help him in finding a place. Indeed, his hatred of Commercialism did not come into his head at all at the time.

Afterwards he really did find Mr. Wollfe a place as a buyer for one of the department stores, where his industry and ability brought him a very appreciative and grateful respect.

As time passed, and he gained honor and profit, Mrs. Wollfe was soon spiritedly and dressily superior among her neighbors again; and Will and the children held their heads high in the world in the possession of chainless wheels.

As for Mr. Wollfe, in his recovery of their pride and pleasures he found the happiness possible to a fine devotion.

A LOVE STORY

by Annie Webster

IT was not her first love. She had loved before, but never in this way. She looked with a certain pitying scorn on the fleeting attachments of two years, a year, six months ago. "I was very young then," she thought, looking up through the apple-blossom tree under which she lay.

She was ten years old now. Ten just the day before the day before yesterday. And day before yesterday was the first time she had seen Her. It had cost her a great deal to go to school that day. It was her birthday, and the sun shone. But she had gone. Things are very hard at times, but now how glad, how glad she was!

Now, lying under the apple blossoms, she made a great resolve. She would never catch on sleighs again. Supposing it had been winter, and a sleigh had come by and she had caught on, and She had seen her! Oh, perhaps She had seen; perhaps that was the reason why She had not even looked at her in school yet. Solemn tears came to her eyes. "I will wash the dishes every day, every day, without being asked," she thought.

If her legs were only thin! She had such lovely thin legs. And blue eyes, truly blue, instead of all sorts of colors mixed up. And her hair was long and braided, and had a little point at the end instead of twisting up and rumpling up, especially in church, until you were simply obliged to take your hat off or suffocate.

Perhaps She would have spoken that very morning if her hair had been different. No one understood. No one cared. She had not seen Her for two days, and just that morning she was looking in the glass to see if she had not changed at all, or grown very pale, when her mother began to twist the end of her braid around and around, and

there it was all turned up again. No one understood; no one in the whole world—except God. He must. How near the blue sky seemed beyond the apple blossoms!

Suddenly she saw her brother come out on the piazza, look around, and then steal softly back of the house. "He's after my things, I bet," and she sprang up and after him; but she stopped in the midst of her run, hesitated, turned back, and then ran eagerly after him again. "I'll show him where I've hid the treasure, and I'll let him have my bower up in the tree," she thought. She ran on, tripped, and tore her dress. Her brother saw her coming, and fled precipitately over the fence. Then she leaned her head against a tree and looked down at her torn dress, and a great wave of sadness came over her. "Mother will scold, too, I suppose. No one knows how changed I am. I am going to die pretty soon, I guess."

The next day she went early to school and laid an armful of apple blossoms on Her desk. Then she crept softly out and lingered at the school gate, watching. But when She came near, walking quite slowly—not running at all, in fact, or even skipping—with her "geography" under her arm; with her truly blue eyes; with her hair which did not rumple or twist, but which ended in a little point; with her thin legs; the little girl's courage failed. She turned back, and walked slowly up the school walk. Her heart beat fast. "Maybe she'll catch up and speak to me." But She came up the walk behind, not even trying to step over all the cracks. "Maybe she'll fall down and break her leg, and I'll have to go for the doctor." But no; it did not seem to occur to Her even to see how many steps She could jump up. The little girl hid herself behind the cloak-room door, and watched through the chink to see if She would see the apple blossoms. Her desk was covered with them, so She broke off several twigs all pink and white, and taking up the others, threw them from the window. There were too many. She would have had no place to write on. "They were just common things. I'd ought to have brought lilies or roses or something lovely," moaned the little girl in the cloak-room. She did not venture in until the others came. Then she saw that She had pinned the apple-blossom twigs on her dress.

She wouldn't have pinned them on if she had minded their being so common! How beautiful the world was! How could any one ever be bad! How good God was! She couldn't have minded it! Passing Her desk she looked right at Her, and said softly, "Thank you." Then she rushed on, her heart beating.

But at her own desk, from where she could see the thin legs coming down below the seat, and above, the lovely braid, all but the little point, her heart sank. She realized now how the deformed man in her street felt. "Why does God make some people so nice and some so horrid?" she thought in despair. At recess, however, she was obliged to pass Her desk often. At last the bell struck, and as she went to her seat she said to Her:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" said the other little girl.

The next day they became intimate friends. The new scholar's name was Rosalie. The little girl was not surprised. She had known from the beginning it must be that—that or Violet. Her own was only Jessie.

There was another girl of the same age, whose name was Lilian. These three used to walk home together, arm in arm, talking very fast, and quite oblivious of the ordinary human being, except when he, by chance, plucked up courage to beg to be permitted to pass. They had the power of seeing who it was without looking or pausing, and overheard his request, granted it graciously, or swept past in a rush of indignation, in accordance with some delicate mind-process.

Rosalie and Lilian lived on adjacent streets, Jessie further on, so they separated one by one. One day Jessie asked Rosalie to walk on to the next corner. She did it. Then Jessie walked back again. That could not happen often, however, for Rosalie's mother had said she must come right home from school.

Some people were so different from other people. Rosalie was never bad, never! Lilian was lovely, too, though she sometimes did things. And some people were so bad. They didn't mean to be, but it just came. Rosalie really liked to put on her best clothes. It was true, She did. And they must have been just as uncomfortable as other people's.

The little girl looked up at the trees overhead with their fresh little green leaves, and the blue sky beyond. A song she had heard one day at the Sunday-school came to her mind. She could remember only detached lines, and she hummed them as she went:

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin."

Rosalie didn't.

"Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Strive manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue—"

The sunlight danced among the little green leaves, but the little girl did not notice it. Looking up beyond, she repeated, absorbed in determination:

"Dark passions subdue."

A boy whistled to her from across the street, but she did not hear him. She looked around with grave eyes. Near her was a half-built house, with a quantity of waste wood lying around it. Suddenly Jessie sprang toward it and began to gather a big bundle, as much as she could carry. She was obliged to lay her books down, and forgot them as she trudged away. "I'll take it to the Poor Woman across the bridge," she thought. The load grew very heavy, and her heart filled with solemn joy. "Dark passions subdue," she sang softly to herself.

The load grew heavier. The world was very sad. There was this Poor Woman. Then the deformed man. And all the bad people. "I must be cheerful, though," she thought. "She would be."

There was no one in sight at the Poor Woman's house. Jessie laid her bundle down at the door very softly, and then ran away as fast as she could, her shoes clattering on the loose board sidewalk as she ran. When she stopped, out of breath, the whole world was glowing in a golden mist. Nothing was quite clear before her eyes, not the flowers, nor the trees with their little leaves, not even the blue sky. She had never been so happy before. "Rosalie, Rosalie, Rosalie," she sang as she skipped along. Then, as she came near her home, a feeling of solemn responsibility came over her. "I'll make Tom learn that song, too," she said; and she repeated it, looking up at the sky:

"Dark passions subdue."

The days slipped past. The three girls had been intimate friends four weeks. Rosalie and Lilian studied their geography together; Jessie lived too far away. They knew each other's inmost souls, and were closely united by a common passion for the teacher. They invented a cipher, the explanation of which each kept hidden away in the most secret part of her desk. It worked beautifully, for each one was permitted to add a new sign whenever it seemed necessary. Then they would read the accumulated notes on the way from school, and laugh, and it made the other girls simply wild. They likewise gathered large thorns, and swore to prick their fingers and write all very important notes in their blood. These notes were to be kept forever. However, an insurmountable difficulty presented itself—the pricking hurt. So a bottle of red ink was substituted.

It was in black ink, however, that a note was written by the little girl one morning. The name was signed in blood, and a rose was thrust through the middle of the note. The contents were as follows:

"I can come and study geography this afternoon."

Rosalie read it, and passed it over to Lilian when Jessie did not see. They looked at each other a minute, without speaking, and then Rosalie wrote in answer:

"We aren't going to study this afternoon."

We plan and arrange for everything, and then nothing comes of it. Life is bitterly hard. Perhaps God means that we shall be very unhappy most of the time, so that we shall get to be good sooner.

But the next day Rosalie wrote a note in cipher saying that she could come over after school. That day the world took hands with Jessie, and danced with her along the way.

A week later she said again that she could come over and study geography. Lilian looked at Rosalie. "We don't study together any more," she said to Jessie. "Didn't you know?" In fact, it was arithmetic they studied together now.

The next day Rosalie stayed after school to help the teacher. "She's always doing something lovely," thought Jessie. She looked around for Lilian, but could not see her. She walked down the path very, very slowly, hoping Rosalie would catch up. Then she waited at the gate, but Rosalie did not come.

"She'll be very pale to-morrow," thought Jessie, lost in wistful admiration, as she at last turned away alone.

The next day they all walked home together, arm in arm; but the next, Lilian had to stay to arrange her books. Rosalie waited for her. "Don't you wait," she said to Jessie. "Two don't need to, and I will." The next day Rosalie forgot something, and went back to look for it. The

other two waited for a while at the gate, then Lilian went back to look for Rosalie. Jessie waited longer, then she went to look, but there was no one in the building—not in the recitation-rooms—not in the cloak-rooms—not even behind the doors.

For a week after that they all walked home together, arm in arm, discussing "standings" and other little girls' hair, and deciphering letters, oblivious as ever of the intruding wayfarer. After that Rosalie stayed after school every day. At first Lilian did not wait. Then she did.

A sense of deep unworthiness deepened each day in Jessie as she went down the walk alone. "She was so lovely, I guess I forgot to be good." Through the tears in her eyes she saw Her before her in all her unapproachable perfection. The truly blue eyes, the braid with the little point, the thin legs—she had seen all these things from the first. But it was not until they became intimate friends that she had understood what She really was.

But it was almost more than human strength could bear, walking home alone. One day she waited behind the school until they had come out together. Then she ran across the fields and came up to Rosalie alone near her home. "Rosalie!" she called out. Rosalie did not seem to hear. "Rosalie!" Rosalie turned and waited for her.

"Don't you like me any more, Rosalie?" cried the little girl.

"We're tired of you always hanging round," said Rosalie.

The little girl turned back. She sobbed as she ran, "She might have told me so before! She might have told me so before!"

Whether it was three weeks or three years that now passed is a matter of slight importance. But it was a very, very long time. Sorrow ages a person, and she was quite changed. Sometimes she forgot all when she was reading or playing ball, but later she remembered again. At night she always remembered. One night she could not sleep. Every now and then she would get up and look out of the window to see if it was not morning, until at last about ten o'clock she cried herself to sleep.

But the last day of school came. The "standings" were read aloud. Rosalie stood first, Jessie second, and Lilian third in the grade. For a moment the world grew bright again. Then she saw Rosalie and Lilian sitting in the same seat, comparing "standings."

School was over and a very long time passed. One day Jessie was walking along the street when she heard some one running behind her. She turned and saw Rosalie. Rosalie had a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Don't you want one?" she asked. Jessie took it, and they walked side by side. After a minute Jessie turned to Her. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked in a whisper, her lips trembling.

Rosalie was deeply moved. She threw her arms around Jessie and kissed her. "Of course I can," she cried.

They walked on with their arms around each other's waists. Jessie did not speak. There are no words for such things. For she knew now that they were intimate friends forever. Forever and ever.